JOHN BULL, APRIL 6, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1190.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

For Weakness During Convalescence

"The debility that follows most illnesses requires a strengthening tonic. I have prescribed Wincarnis for many years and nothing that I know can take its place."

Thus writes an eminent Harley Street Physician. His opinion is echoed by medical men everywhere; for the value of Wincarnis as a restorative of vitality and strength during convalescence cannot be over-estimated. Every ingredient of Wincarnis is a tonic in itself. The blood-creating wine, extracts of beef and vitamin-malt, and the nerve-feeding hypophosphite are each a source of new life and new energy. Combined scientifically as they are in Wincarnis, they must do incalculable good to all who have been left weak, depressed or sleepless by illness.

It takes 2½ lbs. of the choicest wine grapes to make a bottle of Wincarnis, together with vitamin-malt, beef extract, and a wonderful hypophosphite nerve tonic. By soothing your nerves and creating new, rich blood, Wincarnis hastens recuperation and provides you with strength to resist treacherous winds and ever-present infection.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

RECOMMENDED BY 18,000 MEDICAL MEN

Obtainable from All Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers & Licensed Chemists.

Aldwych

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane's Warehouse, 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies of Drapery, Linens, Bedding, Remnants, Men's Overalls, Hosiery, direct, and save middle profits. Largest stocks in the Trade. List Free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester. (Estab. 1910.)

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—E. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. Free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.8), Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

56-PAGE CTLG. GNL. DRAPERY, 14-PAGE, ILL. COAT & DRESS CTLG. These two fine Ctlgs. post free. All Depts. 'of Lds.', Men's, Child.'s Outfitting, Household Goods, Fancy Linens, etc. New, smart and reliable goods at keenest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co., 1, Wade Lane, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind, good profits, 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (175), George St., Birmingham.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free. —Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

DISTRICT CANVASSERS wanted. £5-£14 wkly. Splendid line for Capable, Expd. Salesmen. Write Stanley's, 56, Warton Rd., Stratford, E.15.

IMPORTANT Lawn Tennis and General Sports Goods Manufacturer requires Agents, spare time, to sell advertised guaranteed goods at keen prices (cash or deferred terms) to Clubs and individuals. —Write, BM/BVGV, London, W.C.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR TRADE.—Special concentrated practical courses for every branch, including Repairs, Salesmanship and Garage Management. Call or write for advice, stating requirements and age. —The Superintendent, Automobile Engineering Training College, Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.3.

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—G. B. M. CO., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

EARN £2—£6 weekly as a Certificated Bookkeeper. Individual postal tuition, 10/- monthly. Success guaranteed. Position found when qualified, or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, prize scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

WANTED for Canadian Farms, 50 boys, 14 to 19. Free training on Church Army farms. Early sailing. Free passage. Good home and work guaranteed. Write or call, O/8 Dept., Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8111.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Cards, Billheads or Handbills from 2/6. Other Cheap Printing. Samples free.—Pearson's, Church St., Portsmouth.

FREE.—List of printing for Dances, Whist-Drives, Socials, Concerts, Bazaars.—Stafford & Co., Ltd., Netherfield, Nottingham.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples for all trades, with list of 887 prices, sent for 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 53, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 22/6. Badged Ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satis. guarant'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Norbdale Road, Manchester.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 48s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1½ lb. for Socks, etc. Navy, Grey and White Yarn 3/10 lb Post free. Patts. of Scarfs, Sweaters, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 238, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll, 150 patterns 1929 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late Leeds), 21, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BABY CARRIAGES.—Latest styles, highly finished. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms 2/- monthly. List free.—ROYAL, 330, Essex Road, Islington.

TEA. Direct from Blenders to Household. At wh'sle prices. 1/6, 1/8, 2/- lb. carr. pd. on 4 lb. Special quot'ns for large quantities. Satis. g'nt'd. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, W. Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 59/6. Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat. Cots, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Napkins, Barras, Towels. Purchaser (now a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 1/- for pat.) approv. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

REMARKABLE BLUE SERGE SUIT Offer for 3/- DOWN!

IF YOU WANT TO BE WELL-DRESSED COME TO ME.

DEAR SIR,

I have created a reputation with these fine Suits. I have already sold many thousands, and my customers are highly delighted.

They are perfectly tailored, well cut, ready-to-wear bespoke Suits, trimmed and made in my own workrooms. Suits that are built with character, and guaranteed to give every satisfaction. In Blue Indigo Serge, guaranteed fast dye. Price 59/6.

I am able to make this splendid offer because I am being supported by the woollen mills who serve me direct, and save a middleman's profits.

Send me your breast measure and height, also send 3/-, and agree to pay me 5/- per month, and I will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly. If you are not satisfied I will return your deposit.

Yours truly,

John Blanford

John Blanford LTD

Dept. J.B. 8.

MY SIGNATURE YOUR SAFEGUARD

119-129, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1

WORLD'S MOST ECONOMICAL COLLAR. 10d. Outlasts 20 ordinary collars. Write for illust. leaflet and particulars. WALKLEY & CO., 71, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

FREE.—JOHN NOBLE'S new Spring Catalogue is offered on page 30.

SEND at once for free List of SELFRIDGE'S CYCLES. Mention *John Bull*. See page 16.

SEND the free coupon appearing in the BOMBALAC advt. on page 29. It will bring you some interesting particulars.

The NATIONAL 5-VALVE PORTABLE Illustrated Catalogue J.B.12 is offered on page 26.

WRITE for wonderful Catalogue "W," post free, offered in the WHITELEY CYCLE advt. on page 29.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon Specially blended. 4 lb. 6/6. 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 14 lb. 9/6.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-. 28 home-made pieces. Contains everything from Caps, Robes to Napkins. A purchaser writes:— "Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are worth £5." Similar letters received daily. Just 3/- now for this incomparable bargain or approval. Cash or instalments.—Mrs. D. Manders, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; 1 meters, 21/-; accessories, Violins, Accordeons, cheapest, 24-page list, 2d. How to make Gramo.—Sugarman, 130, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 2/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 185, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES. BUILD OWN £40 MODEL FOR 40/-. Instructions, 2d. List of Parts Free.—J.B.G., 185, High St., Deptford, London.

NEW, RECONDITIONED DRUMS, Accordeons, Concertinas, Banjos, Trumpets.—Thompson's, 62, Berwick Street, London.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, E

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Par... Canes from 20/-. Singing Canaries, ... meeting tame.—Call or ... Court Road, London.

DOG OWNERS.

Write Spillers for FREE COPY ... KENNEL AND APPLIANCE CATA... Everything practical, economical and ... Compiled with interest, inform... Post.—SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS, ... Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand W... lets him a Specialist's positive and ... cure. They cure most violent cases ... destroying the very cause of the worm ... cure. No fasting, no dieting, no in... with daily habits. Send 1/6 for gene... 2½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—... Tablet Co., 54-58, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS and kidney ... Mastered at last. Thousands cured by P... FLUID REMEDY, 3/- at Boots, Tayl... or post free from Parker's Remedy, ... Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample 4...

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine ... proved by testimonials.—Write, The ... Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C...

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book o... cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, D... Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, ... commended by Editor of "Health & Str... sent privately for 8d. only. — Herb... 17.B. 561, 40, Lamb's Conduit Street.

"INFLUENZA.—Vapo-Cresolene pre... relieves by killing germs in nose, m... throat. Free Booklet No. 44 from A... Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.

SUFFERERS from Rheumatism a... should try Dr. LLOYD'S CELERY ... FOUND TABLETS, containing Cel... Vitamins, which dissolve Uric Acid a... instant relief. 1/3 and 3/- all Chemists ... J. B. Holt, Green and Co., Mark Lan... Buildings, London, E.C.3.

DO YOU Suffer from skin troubles ... Eczema, Acne or other blemishes? If ... 2d. to-day for free sample of SANOL, ... dermal new discovery, which does actu... them distressing complaints. Full-size ... 1/3, from J. B. Collins, Chemist, NORT...

FREE.—Address 1d. postcard to D... for free sample of Balm and Medicin... be sure to mention John Bull. This ... page in the advt. on page 33.

PILES CAN BE CURED—WHY S... For half a century OGLESBY'S CELE... PILE PILULES have been making p... and effective cures in all cases of blind a... any piles. These pills are a genuine ... 1/3 and 2/- boxes post free. — COVE... Chemist, Parliament Street, York.

WANTED TO PURCHASE

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, D... Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques ... Stones (not Valueless), Valuable Fragm... Nothing too large nor too small. Cash ... —Bentley & Co., 338, Oxford Street, L...

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, ... old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. ... cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Row...

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D. ... New Tyres for W.Ky. payments. Inquir... sins. London Car Co., 58, Theobalds Rd...

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE BOOK about herbs and ho... them. 2d. Estbd. 50 years. Advice ... Trimmells, The Herbalists, Richmond Rd...

FREE TO CYCLISTS and Motor ... Parties, how to make your machine lo... new by re-lining it in gold yourself.— ... Harrison, Cycle Dept., Jersey, C.I.

FREE.—The advt. on page 27 co... offer of the new Gift Book. 96 pp., ... 250 gifts. Write for your copy at on... from Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., Gift Dep... Charlotte Street, London, E.1.

A FREE GIFT LIST of wonderful Pr... are now being distributed by the Proc... WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANER. ... to every reader sending the Free Coupo... advt. on page 3. Cut this out, mean... Post and send the coupon NOW!

FREE SAMPLES of GIBBS' S... CREAM and SHAVING STICK will be ... receipt of the coupon appearing in the ... page 33, and a free Booklet and S... Gibbs' famous DENTIFRICE will also ... to readers forwarding the coupon on t... Do not forget to send stamps in each ... cover postage and packing.

NAIL-BITING.—Cure yourself or ch... new Filtex Treatment. Send stamp fre... —The Filtex Treatment (Dept. J.B.5), ... Crescent, London, N.4.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME

AGENCY

BOOTS, Gents' and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples.

Highest Commissions Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

MAKE YOUR CHOICE FREE

FROM HUNDREDS OF VALUABLE GIFTS INCLUDING

FREE GRAMOPHONES AND RECORDS

FREE SEWING MACHINES

FREE SILK STOCKINGS

FREE CUTLERY

ALL FOR JUST A FEW COUPONS COLLECTED FROM

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

Send to-day for the Free Illustrated Gift List, and start saving your coupons from these famous Watson's Cleansers.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER—the best and most economical of all general-purpose soaps.

NUBOLIC SOAP—Cleanser and disinfectant—for all washing and cleaning.

PEP—The New Watson product—in fine powder form for washing everything.

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., Dept 88, LEEDS.
Please send me a copy of the FREE Illustrated Gift List.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Write in block letters and put ½d. stamp only on the envelope (unsealed).

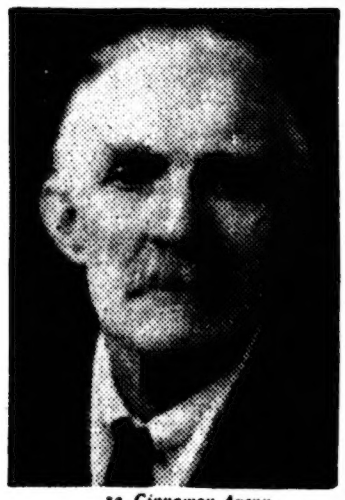
SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR YOUR COPY OF THE FREE ILLUSTRATED GIFT LIST

MC13-15A-88

4 tins of Germolene end 36 years suffering

ALL for the lack of a tin of Germolene *at hand*; an insignificant scratch becomes a large and dis ressing leg wound; after 36 years is so ugly, that amputation is advised. Fortunately, Germolene is recommended just in time, and the leg is saved—and only four tins of this unique aseptic, non-smarting dressing are required! A wonderful story! But have *you* Germolene in the house? If not, get some to-day—and be sure it *is* Germolene.

FOR ULCERS, ECZEMA, CUTS, RINGWORM, PILES, RASH, BRUISES and BURNS, Etc.



12, Cinnamon Avenue,
Hindley Green WIGAN.
30 Jan., 1929.

Dear Sir,

IN 1893 I scratched my leg whilst working down the mine, and it began to fester and then broke out into a hole, so large that I could put a cup inside it. It discharged very badly, and the smell got on my nerves. I have tried all kinds of patent ointments and have had special advice; but my leg got no better. Until one day it occurred to me to try Germolene. I had four boxes and I am proud to say it has healed up fine. I can now get a decent pair of shoes on again after 36 years—all praise to your Germolene which is worth its weight in gold. No home should be without a tin.

Yours truly,
(Signed) WILLIAM CUNLIFFE.

Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

1'3 and 3'- A VENO PRODUCT

JOHN BULL'S SQUARE & FAIR CROSSWORD

£500

MUST BE WON

QUICK RESULTS

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL

ENTRANCE FEE 6D FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

PLEASE NOTE CLOSING DATE

THURSDAY (NOON) APRIL 11TH

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, APRIL 20th.
Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, APRIL 25th.

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 7 which is given below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 7),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, April 11th. Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed "& Co.", and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstance be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale, Thursday, April 20th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, Thursday, April 20th, on which date the prize money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £2, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid. Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to —

The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involve disqualification.

QUICKER RESULTS!——EASIER THAN EVER!

Please note that the Closing Date is Thursday (noon), April 11 and that no entries for this week's Competition can be accepted afterwards, so please post your Coupons EARLY.

THE solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 5 appears on this page, and claims MUST BE SENT IN as stipulated in the Rules and Conditions at time of entry. Please note that for "John Bull" Crossword No. 7 which appears below, no claims will be required, as every coupon will be examined and results will thus be announced A WEEK EARLIER than heretofore.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED IN FUTURE!

ONLY ONE SIXPENNY DOUBLE ENTRY ALLOWED FROM EACH COMPETITOR.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Take hold.
4. To slander.
9. Slanting Movement.
10. Sea-bird.
11. The middle.
13. Part of the foot.
16. A cereal.
17. Apportion.
18. Alternative.
19. Every separate one.
21. Expressing amazement.
24. Concave construction.
25. To taste.
27. Wrathful.
30. A title.
32. Withered.
33. A monster.
34. To draw along.
35. Donkey.
36. Penetrating.
39. Negative.
41. Shade of colour.
42. To care for.
43. To pry.
44. Vehicle.
45. Personal pronoun

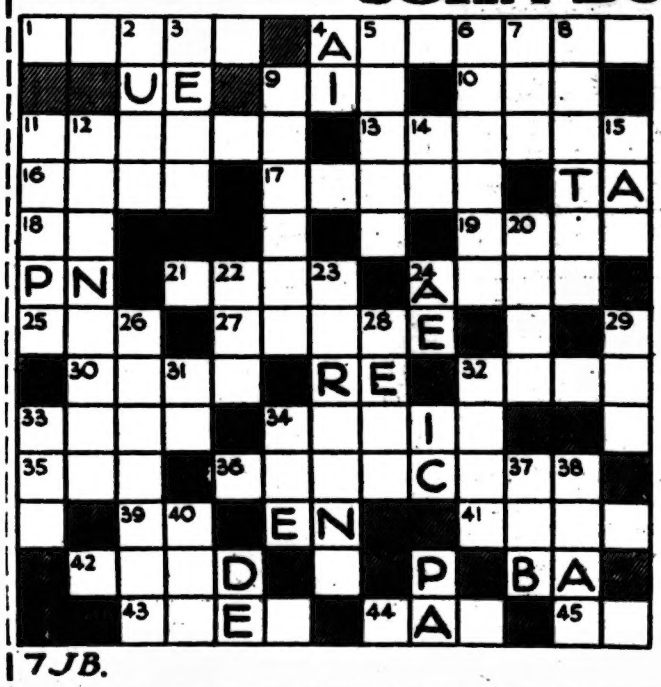
CLUES DOWN

2. Female relative.
3. Collections.
5. A small peg.
6. A holiday.
7. Cart-track.
8. A drawing.
9. Merchant.
11. Hen-houses.
12. Increment.
14. Negative.
15. Contemptuous exclamation.
20. 4,840 square yards.
22. Hasten.
23. Rabbit burrows.
26. Root vegetable.
28. To rend.
29. Female bird.
31. Myself.
32. To cut.
33. Common tree.
34. Fasten.
37. Point.
38. To bite.
40. Single item.

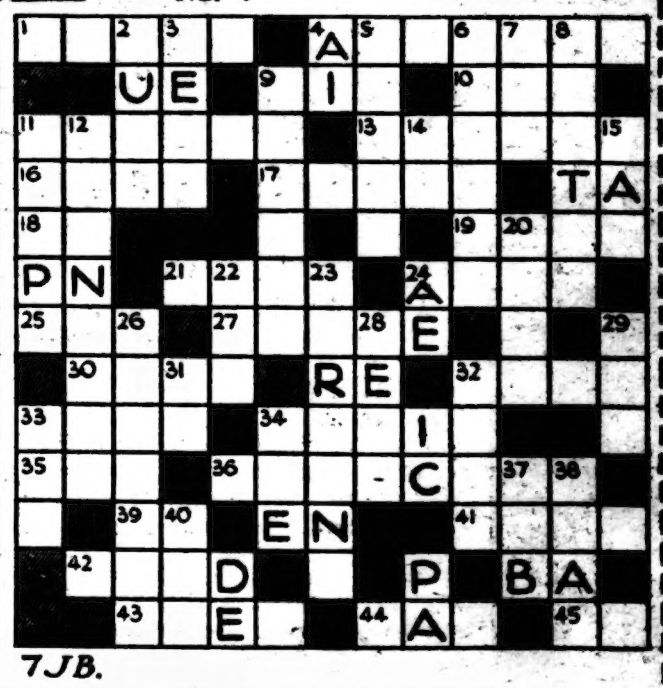
Words in this Competition can be found in Nuttall's Dictionary or Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Supplement.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM "A" — JOHN BULL CROSSWORD No. 7 — ENTRY FORM "B"



7JB.



7JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No. _____

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

ANOTHER BIG "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK

When you have tried your skill on "John Bull's" £500 Crossword, try for another £500 by entering for "The People" Fair-for-all Crossword next Sunday.

SOLUTION of 'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 5.

HOW TO CLAIM.

If one of your Entry Forms ("A" or "B") is absolutely identical or contains not more than two words differing from the solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 5, which is published herewith, send a claim distinctly stating on which Form ("A" or "B") you are claiming, giving the number of errors, if any. Claims should be posted as soon as possible, and in any case must reach us NOT LATER THAN FIRST POST, TUESDAY, APRIL 9th.

Errors are computed according to the number of words, not letters, differing from the published solution.

Readers abroad may wire.

ANY COMPETITOR WHO SENDS IN A DUPLICATE CLAIM MAY BE DISQUALIFIED FROM TAKING PART IN ANY FUTURE COMPETITIONS.

Claims must be made on a postcard bearing a penny stamp, which must contain only the following words, stating the number of errors, if any:

"I claim.....errors on 'A' or 'B' Entry Form."

Then add your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. Postcards containing other wording will be disqualified and claim disallowed. Claims to be posted to—

"CLAIM" (No. 5),
"John Bull" Crosswords,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

The prize-winner in this competition will be published in "John Bull" on sale April 18th.

Any claimant whose solution has no more errors than that of the competitors winning the prizes, and whose claim reached us by the prescribed date, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, April 23rd, on which date the prizes will be distributed, and after which date no claim will be considered.

If such claim is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £2, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid. Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to—

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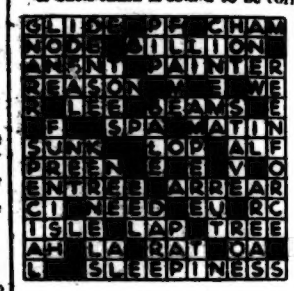

THE
GRAVES
'BENEFIT' BALE
The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Have the Graves 'BENEFIT' Bale delivered Carriage Paid to your home, and judge its merits for yourself.
FINE BARGAIN OFFER
Comprising: 2 white super-quality Fleecy Blankets, Blue Borders, weight 7lbs, size 60x80ins; 2 coloured Fleecy Blankets, White borders, weight 3½lbs, size 60x80ins; 1 coloured Alhambra Quilt, weight 3½lbs, size 70 x 90ins; 2 unbleached Grey Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, weight 6lbs, size 70 x 90ins; 2 White Pillow Cases, size 20x30ins; 1 White Bolster Case, size 20x60ins
50/-
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Her Friend's Treachery

LEFT a widow three years ago, totally unprovided for, with six children, the eldest fourteen, and another expected in four months, would seem tragedy enough for any woman.

But an unexpected blow followed. She was adding to the widow's pension by working for a City firm of outdoor helpers on commission, and "getting along nicely," as she expressed it, when a neighbour offered to help her sell some of the clothes.

The cheated widow.

All went well for a time. But when her customers to whom the neighbour had said she had sold the clothes were called on for payment, they were non-plussed. Her kind neighbour, a very plausible hypocrite, had sold the clothes elsewhere, pocketed the money and disappeared.

Three Years' Agony

The widow, hampered with debt to her employers, to whom she had to make good the loss, fell into the hands of moneylenders, and, one way and another, got into so much trouble that she felt, she says, like killing herself.

The thought of the children, however, steadied her, and the firm to which she is paying back by instalments the debt her neighbour let her in for have reinstated her, and she is getting a connection again.

But the worry of her three years of widowhood and the treachery of her neighbour have undermined her health.

"What I went through," she wept, "because of this woman is all playing on me now."

We beseech our readers, in these days that call for sacrifice, to remember "The Greatest of These . . . ." Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Issued under the War Charities Act as the John Bull *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Secretary, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* John Bull.

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Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from A. J. (Southampton), Mr. Horne (Ilford), Anon, Mrs. Lucy Tomlinson, Mrs. B. J. Trench (Leigh-on-Sea), Mr. T. F. Baker (Pontypool).

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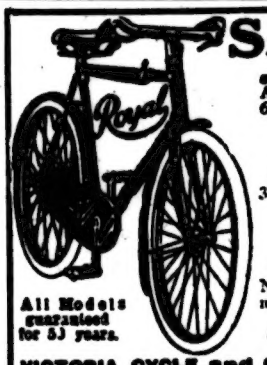

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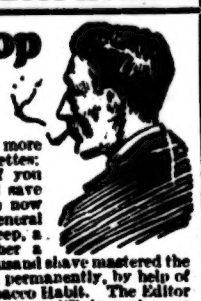

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King George, the Truth—Bad Memories

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A. G. G.'s Spotlight

T is possible that the introduction of a Regency Bill may be the Government's last act before it resigns

While physically the King's progress has been steady, the question whether he will be able this summer to bring to bear the necessary mental concentration on other than routine matters of State causes his advisers anxiety.

* * *

A possible change of Government in less than two months complicates the case, for in such a situation the King's duties are exacting.

Although nothing has been decided, provisional arrangements for the Prince of Wales becoming Regent have been made. That is why he gave up his hunting.

Tired of Bognor

The primary question being discussed by the King's advisers is where he should go to recuperate.

Bognor is very accessible for the Queen and the officials, but the King himself is a little tired of Bognor.

He feels restricted in the comparatively small grounds of Craigweil House, and the countryside is not suitable for driving out because of its great popularity with motorists.

* * *

The King himself has asked if Windsor would not be suitable, but his advisers do not favour it, and it is now almost certain that he will spend the summer, and possibly the autumn, at Sandringham.

A recent function

The King's recent function of receiving homage from the Archbishops of York and Canterbury had an interesting significance, for neither Archbishop could draw his salary until he had paid homage to the King!

The ideal seat

The efforts of the Party organisers to find a safe seat for Sir Laming Worthington-Evans are achieving full success.

Sir Worthy ranks with Neville Chamberlain and Winston as the "brains" of the Tory Party, and feels he has a claim on it.

* * *

He emphatically refuses to fight a constituency. He wants a City of London seat, and, being a great financial authority and once editor-in-chief of a leading financial paper, he would be all the more at home there.

Rings on the green

Political storms threaten the Irish Free State.

Mr. Cosgrave's majority has sunk almost to vanishing-point, and, accomplished compromiser though he is, he will not much longer carry on his Government.

* * *

Soon after our own election, therefore, Ireland will suffer a similar upheaval.

Already Fianna Fail, Mr. de Valera's party, is reviving old feuds and hatreds as a prelude to the polls.

Even the old lie, that Kevin O'Higgins, Mr. Cosgrave's colleague, was murdered by assassins in Government pay, has again been produced, decked out with a fresh coat of gore.

* * *

Ireland may be dissatisfied with the Cosgrave régime of strict economy, heavy taxes and financial probity. But if Mr. de Valera is the only alternative, Fianna Fail *will* fail.

Passing it on

Legal processes are costly, not only because of the high fees paid to counsel, but because the litigant has also to pay his counsel's clerk, whose emoluments often exceed those of the solicitor who has had all the spade-work of the case on his shoulders.

Why shouldn't a K.C. pay his own clerk? His fees are usually high enough.

* * * *

And if not, why stop at his clerk? We shall not be surprised to hear shortly eminent counsel expecting clients to pay their charwomen, their cook, their tailor's bills and their cab-fares.

We remind Rothermere

Mr. Lloyd George's mass meeting at the Albert Hall, London, was graced by Lord Rothermere, who sat in one box, and by Lord Beaverbrook, whose countenance peeped out from another.

He peeped out

Is this a portent that these two noble Press magnates are plumping for the Criccieth Wonder to win the election stakes?

If so, newspaper peers have short memories.

Can they have forgotten that L.G., pushed to power as leader of the Coalition in the war by the late Lord Northcliffe, refused to allow that gentleman more than the smallest say in governing Britain?

Untimely

The sinking of the rum-runner, *I'm Alone*, on which Sir Wyndham Childs has some pungent things to say on another page, spoiled the holiday of some of the Foreign Office staff.

Orders were given at once to expedite the preparation of material for international conversations in maritime law, quite apart from the necessity to hunt for precedents and prepare the case in favour of the owners and crew of the sunken ship.

Not dead, but sleeping

The Postmaster-General's promises to look into the efficiency of his Harry Tate detective department may be realised, unless a defeat at the election nips Sir William Mitchell-Thomson's designs in the bud.

More important still, the permanent heads of the Post Office are devising a new system of insurance for postal packets.

The present arrangements are antiquated and ludicrous. For example, the limit of risk on one packet is £400, though the contents may easily be worth £100,000.

Banks and Hatton Garden have long pressed for this much-promised overhaul of a silly system.

"Talkie" talk

If the silent film is to be supplanted altogether by the "talkies" (and we devoutly hope it will not be), will it be too much to expect that the makers of these will see that, at any rate in some of them, "sub-titles" are retained for the benefit of those in the audience who are deaf?

In fact, until "talkies" resemble less the sound of an American with no roof to his mouth speaking Czechoslovakian down the broad end of a paraffin lamp-glass, "sub-titles" had better remain altogether.

We are not deaf, but we find most of the "talkies" incomprehensible.

Bigger fish

A charming young Frenchwoman arrested recently in this country on a charge under the Aliens Act has proved to be a more important capture for the police than they at first imagined.

In her possession were found letters from an Englishman named Tudor Williams, whose activities we dealt with a few weeks ago, and for whom the police have been searching.

The Frenchwoman's letters disclosed his hiding-place, and he has now been taken into custody by the Paris Sureté pending extradition proceedings.

That earthly Paradise

This is how the native Indian politicians, headed by the Mahatma Ghandi, fostered the prosperity of their native country in 1928.

203 strikes, involving 506,851 workers, took place, costing 31,647,404 working days. One strike alone, in Bombay's textile mills, cost £21,000,000.

These disputes, with insignificant exceptions, were fomented for political ends by native leaders.

Yet irresponsible agitators insist that, if only we cleared out of India, all our brown brothers would settle down to an earthly Paradise.

Ugh!

The refuse-dump at Sutton Bridge, Lincs, must be, to say the least of it, alive with interest.

In addition to other disturbers of the peace, there were found there derelict sides of bacon, rotting hams and rats in hundreds.

A young sportsman living close by shot over twenty rats in two nights. Even Councillor Moore, local legislator, enjoyed a little sport there himself, for one night he kicked a rotten ham, and three rats as big as cats ran out. We have his own word for it.

We suggest to the sanitary authorities that the proper place for big-game hunting is abroad.

One, two, three

To-day we publish a trenchant article by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, exposing Mr. Baldwin's sins of omission and commission, and analysing his chances of victory at the polls.

Trenchant A. G. G.

This is the first of a series which A. G. G. is writing for you to read.

Next week he turns the limelight on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his fellow Labour leaders. The third article deals with that Happy Warrior, Mr. Lloyd George.

Finally, he will sum up, balancing the chances of each Party, and weighing the virtues of each programme against its defects and insincerities.

This series will form the intelligent voters' most reliable map to election land. Make certain that your friends read it each week.

Aliens and income-tax

American theatrical and other performers in this country should be subjected to the same rigorous process for the collection of income-tax that English players in America have to undergo—they are not allowed to step on to the home-coming boat without producing a paper officially signed to the effect that no tax is owing

On this side aliens either get away with it—one well-known person owes our Treasury £7,000 and smiles at a safe distance—or remain and gaily go bankrupt.

Bread upon the waters

"Woodbine Willie" died a poor man, for the simple reason that he gave quite half his income away.

His widow is left with three sons—the two younger aged seven and two.

Admirers of our late contributor are raising a fund to educate these boys and to keep their mother from financial anxiety

If you can't spare anything, no matter; but if you can, the address is, The Studdert-Kennedy Memorial Fund, Fellowship House, 4, The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.1.

A good judge

Mr. Justice Rowlatt is of our way of thinking. He declares that nowadays "jails are so nice that it may be better to go to jail than pay income-tax."

The trouble is that sojourn in jail does not wipe off the amount of income-tax owing. If it did, prisons might have a waiting-list like clubs.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

A very general election

Look out for startling events in Ulster, where preparations are being made for two General Elections. One will be for Westminster, to which Ulster is entitled to return thirteen members, and the other for the Northern Ireland Parliament.

The latter will be of extraordinary interest, for, in view of the abolition of proportional representation, all manner of candidates threaten to take the field in addition to the usual Unionists and Nationalists.

Socialists, Liberals, Farmers, Republicans, Local Optionists, and even representatives of the motor trade and the kinemas, seem anxious to teach the Government a lesson.

There will probably be plenty of "fun"—and forfeited deposits.

Paralysed parishes

Three small parishes, right at the door of the Bishop of Worcester, are in a deplorable state of spiritual neglect.

They are Elmley Lovett (with a population of 283 and a stipend of £431), Hampton Lovett (208 and £410), and Rushock (286 and £390).

The first living has been vacant since January, 1928, and the second two from the beginning of this year.

Occasional services are held by neighbouring clergy and by laymen and there have been instances where religious functions have been performed by persons of doubtful authority.

This is the Bishop. He should rouse those patrons

The Bishop should rouse the patrons of these livings, or else take steps to have them united under one rector and curate.

In a good cause

Mr. R. E. Jeffrey, for five years in charge of the plays at the B.B.C., is to devote his attention to British talking-films.

It is the fashion to laugh at "B.B.C. English," but it is a better language than "talking-film American," which half the children in these islands will soon be speaking if we do not find some antidote.

So more power to Mr. Jeffrey and the British talking-film.

Truly rural?

A doctor, giving evidence in a case of alleged drunkenness at Feltham (Middlesex), stated that the defendant was given a pencil with a brass end, and was told to write his name.

The man attempted to write with the brass end, and then accused the doctor of giving him a fountain-pen without any ink in it.

Which may be very funny, but is also further convincing proof of the absurdity of many of the tests set to establish whether or not an arrested man is drunk.

It is high time that there was a standard test—and a sensible one—to be employed by all police surgeons at all police stations.

Alter this Act!

There is a queer clause in the Army and Air Force Act which, after what has just occurred at Winchester, should be considered for revision.

An unmarried mother, a mere slip of a girl, summoned a leading aircraftsman to court, alleging that he was the father of her child.

When the case was called, however, the man did not put in an appearance, and a letter was read from his commanding officer stating that, at the time of the service of the summons, he was under orders to proceed overseas, and that such service of a summons was not valid according to the Act.

The girl-mother was informed that she should take action on the man returning to this country.

The result is that, if the man actually is the father, he escapes abroad, leaving the poor girl who has lost her honour to face the future alone.

Police blunderers

Those who ordered the recent arrest of Sergeant John Reynolds, of the Manchester City Police Force, are, we trust, feeling sorry for themselves.

Reynolds was a model policeman. He handled thousands of pounds in his capacity as a licensing officer—and suddenly he disappeared from Manchester with a few pounds of official money in his pockets.

He was found wandering in London, untidy and depressed, the money intact in his pocket.

Doctors soon discovered that he had suffered a mental breakdown as the result of war service. But he was forced into the dock, only, of course, to be acquitted.

Who was the "blunderer" responsible?

Big-hearted Ben

Mr. Ben Taylor, of Oldham, is a tram-driver. He is also a tireless worker on behalf of social and charitable causes, and since the war, has been instrumental in raising something like £2,000.

Oldham is justly proud of a working man with such a record, and we cannot help wondering why he has not received official public recognition.

An O.B.E. would be a graceful compliment, and one richly deserved.

Corrosive

In the explosives section at Woolwich Arsenal wages are paid by piecework. Work by the piece usually offers temptation to scamping, even by the best of workers, and it seems a dangerous policy to take such a risk in the handling of high explosives.

He doesn't mind piece rates

In view of recent explosions and fires at the Arsenal, it looks as if some enquiry were needed.

Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Secretary for War, thinks there is no objection to paying piece rates providing the wages are fixed fairly. Other people think otherwise.

People employed on this work should be paid a decent wage without their being tempted to take risks by scamping.

Mr. Kelly, the Labour M.P. for Rochdale, is to be congratulated for the interest he is showing in exposing this scandal.

Smallpox and slums

There is some uneasiness at the Ministry of Health at the persistence of cases of smallpox in the East and South-East of London.

About fifty cases have been notified in the last month.

Vaccination is all very well, but it is obvious that this disease has its roots in the slums.

Foreigners preferred

The Postmaster-General continues to place substantial orders with foreign firms, and all protests seem to be unavailing. Over 600 stamp-obliterating machines have been supplied to the Post Office by Norwegian and American firms.

A contract for telephone wire recently went to France. The explanation was that the Post Office could not afford to pay the price asked by British manufacturers, who have to pay more for their labour.

A most popular man abroad is our P.M.G.

It is now disclosed that the P.M.G. has sanctioned orders for American typewriters for use on telegraph circuits. He says that British sample machines submitted were not satisfactory.

"But I shall continue," he adds, "to give British firms every opportunity of tendering." From Sir William Mitchell-Thomson this is a very great concession, which should touch the hearts of all Britishers.

Automatic tax?

The question of automatic machines, their influence on the retailer, and the evasion of restrictions by their use, has been before the Government—busy as it is.

The matter is too big to be considered in detail, much less tackled in the lifetime of this Parliament, but we may say that the question of a small tax upon such machines has been sent to Winston "for his immediate consideration."

Fire wanted

Britain is falling still farther behind the rest of the world in technical development in the iron and steel industry.

While Germany and Austria possess blast-furnaces capable of a daily production of 1,000 tons of pig-iron, the average production of British blast-furnaces is less than that a week.

We cannot hope to regain our pre-war position unless we improve our plant.

Doing it better

The "North-East Coast Exhibition," which opens in May, will be a monument to the enthusiastic energy of Arthur Lambert, Newcastle's Lord Mayor.

While most depressed areas are nursing their own sores, Mr. Lambert is busy stimulating a trade revival and advertising the manufactures of our north-eastern counties by this exhibition.

Enormous care and preparation are being taken to ensure its success. It will be no dingy, scrubby British Industries Fair on a smaller scale.

Two of the best

We never hesitate to tell magistrates just what we think of them.

So to-day we inform Mr. James Blossom and Mr. R. W. Matthews, of the Sheffield Bench, that they are thundering fine fellows.

When they fined an unemployed man 10s. for keeping a dog without a licence, the latter explained that he had only 26s. a week with which to keep himself, his wife, and his crippled daughter.

The rough-haired terrier in the case was this little girl's only pal.

Not only did these two magistrates quietly pay the man's fine when the court adjourned, but they gave him 7s. 6d. to buy a new licence.

Well done, gentlemen!

Eggsasperating

The new regulations for stamping and grading eggs are seriously interfering with the business of many poultry-farmers.

These clever fellows have been in the habit of buying a few cases of cheap foreign eggs each week, and sending the contents back to market as "Best Country New-laid," mixed with the eggs of their own hens.

Now they are terrified that some nosey inspectors will discover their trick and land them in the local police-court.

And so one more grumble is provided for poultry-farmers on market days.

Sunday hypocrites

It is an ironic fact that foremost among those who have successfully prevented Sunday games in the Manchester parks are gentlemen who spend their Sunday afternoons motoring and golfing.

The Manchester City Council cannot be congratulated on its bigotry.

Why do members prefer to see youngsters loafing at street-corners to joining in clean, wholesome sport?

Perhaps during next Sunday's round of golf they will think it out.

A painful error

Two men, the father and brother of Robert Harold Smith, a young commercial traveller, arrived at Chelmsford Infirmary, where he lay sick.

They were told that he had died some hours before their arrival, and they returned sorrowfully to their home at Colchester.

Next day the postman delivered a letter from the infirmary announcing that Smith was "seriously ill."

This letter had been wrongly addressed.

The Chelmsford Guardians have most properly apologised for their "error." Such errors ought not to occur.

And the relatives of dying men should be notified by telegram.

Peace casualty list

1928 was a black year in our factories and workshops. There were 578 people killed and 126,000 people involved in accidents in them.

The Home Secretary found it necessary to make representations to the Employers' Associations of the industries chiefly concerned.

Something stronger than "representations" must follow if the accidents go on.

Dining off a coffin

The new de-rating scheme seems to be an excuse for almost anything. Paisley, for instance, is using it as a peg on which to hang a pious postponement of an adequate housing scheme.

Housing congestion there is positively wicked. People are living like cattle in one-room dwellings. Baillie Reid has said that he has actually seen people living nine in a room, eat their dinner off the lid of a coffin containing the body of a member of the family.

By 14 votes to 10, the Council has decided to build 200 houses and not 500 as was alternately proposed.

De-rating or not, we shall certainly keep an eye on Paisley.

The happy man

Mr. J. J. Hamilton, the organiser of the Stock Exchange sweepstake, has been directly responsible as a result for distributing more than £150,000 to charities.

He hopes this year to bring that total up to near £250,000.

He has never made a penny out of the sweepstake himself, and has put much hard work and valuable time into making it a success.

He has never won a prize in the sweep, and does not expect to. He is sufficiently rewarded in being able to help charities through its means. We congratulate him.

A Mirke-y proposal

Mr. S. R. Mirke, of 7, Capworth Street, Leyton, E., is a wonderful man.

He possesses a copyrighted greyhound-racing system with which he says, he beat the bookmakers every night for twenty-six successive nights at the Clapton (London) track.

Like a good business man, he is not keeping the secret to himself. For £1 he will guarantee you to beat the book four nights in succession.

After six winning nights you are expected to forward him another £1.

"Hesitate and you lose pounds," says Mr. Mirke in his circular. Our advice to readers is certainly to hesitate—and save at least ten shillings.

EARL BEATTY *champions the* TOILERS of the DEEP

COMMANDER of the mightiest armada of history, Earl Beatty writes his first newspaper article, calling Britain to help the splendid men who earn their living in peril on the great waters

THE British fishing industry is one of the most important assets in our national life. In 1926 it employed 232,750 British workers and 698,350 British dependents. Approximately, one-third of the value of the sale of fish is expended on wages—an annual payment of some £6,000,000 to British workers.

There are 1,700 ships employed in the industry. These were all built in British yards, and their annual repair bill amounts roughly to £1,250,000. The whole of this repair work is done in British yards and workshops by British labour.

In 1928 British fishing vessels fishing at the sea bottom brought into the country cheap food of nutritious and health-giving nature to the value of £14,128,034. Of this value 25 per cent. was expended on British coal. The industry consumes about 1,000,000 tons per year.

The industry is responsible for another very important industry, created and developed by British subjects, which utilises fishery by-products. This industry exports the greater proportion of its manufactured goods to all parts of the world.

These few facts and figures should give JOHN BULL readers some idea of the importance and value of the British fishing industry, in which, including its subsidiary undertakings, such as ice-factories, engineering shops, etc., some £15,000,000 of capital is invested.

Now, things to-day are far from well in this splendid industry, and it is my intention to make public certain facts which it is within the nation's power to remedy without delay.

Competition that kills

PRIOR to the war, new fishing vessels were constructed at a rate of approximately 150 vessels a year. Five years ago the yards were practically at a standstill, and some of them were closed down and remained so for quite a long period.

During the years 1926-1927 inclusive, new construction averaged thirty vessels a year, and these figures included construction on Admiralty account, which had been commenced during war years.

The reduction in the rate of new construction during post-war years is attributable in the main to two causes:

(1) That the industry, along with other British industries, was adversely affected by the serious industrial depression which set in about 1921;

(2) The other, and undoubtedly more important, cause has been the rapid and intensive growth of the competition which the industry had to meet at the hands of other European fishing interests.

In other European countries conditions are of a more favourable nature. The building and equipment of fishing vessels is less costly; wages and the general standard of living are considerably lower than those enjoyed in Great Britain.

The foreign fishing vessel owner, who had found the Continental markets seriously depreciated, discovered that the British market was at his free disposal as and when he found it opportune to land therein the fish caught by his vessels.

He has accordingly taken full advantage of the facilities provided at various fishing ports which have been built and developed by the enterprise of the British fishing vessel owner.

He does not, of course, trade his fish in this country for the benefit of the country itself, nor for the benefit of the British worker and the British consumer. On the contrary, he is astute enough to seize the most favourable opportunities for placing his fish on the British markets.

But how about the British vessel owner? He works his ships at his home port throughout the year, taking the varying seasons and the results of such seasonal fishing as they come.

The foreign menace

HE does his utmost to furnish the market with the maximum amount of fish, so that the merchants, curers, etc., may similarly maintain their businesses and trading operations and keep their staffs in regular employment.

He maintains his vessels in full operation, thereby creating the maximum amount of employment for his crews, shore-workers and others who are essential to the maintenance of fishing vessels at sea throughout the year.

The British fishing ports and markets have been built up from small beginnings to their present highly efficient condition entirely through the progressive policy of the British fishing vessel owner.

On the other hand, the foreign fishing vessel owner has contributed nothing towards the general development of the fishing industry.

That the competition of foreign fishermen is of a serious nature, and that it has grown within recent years, is demonstrated by the fact that whilst in 1920 foreign caught wet fish represented 4 per cent. of the whole in this country, in 1927 the proportion had risen to 14.9 per cent.

It is mainly owing to this form of competition that the numbers, including dependents employed in the British fishing industry, have declined from 1,056,000 in 1922 to 931,100 in 1926; that in 1914, 1,804 vessels manned by 22,420 fishermen were engaged in the industry, and to-day the numbers have fallen to 1,700 vessels manned by 21,000 fishermen.

The British fishing vessel owner spends the whole of his money in Great Britain, and while he contributes in taxes at the rate of 20 per cent. of every pound of his net profit, the foreign owner makes no contribution to either local or imperial taxation in this country.

It is surprising that although provision is made in English law for the assessment of the earnings of foreign fishing vessel owners in this country for taxation purposes, no such assessment is made.

If further comparisons between the respective lots of the British and foreign owner are necessary, it is worth pointing out that the former has developed his business and industry without Government assistance. The latter, in practically every instance, has been assisted in the construction and development of his fishing fleets and industry by some form of assistance from his Government.

A final disadvantage under which our British trawler fishing vessels suffer, and one, I think, that is somewhat extraordinary, is that they are *not* allowed to fish in the Moray Firth, Firth of Clyde, off the Irish Coast and in other smaller areas *where foreign fishing vessels may fish with impunity.*

It is contended by those in the industry that British trawler fishing vessels should have equal rights of fishing to those of other nations, particularly in waters off the British coast outside the three miles' limit.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet during the years 1916-1919, I am able to state without any hesitation that the debt the nation owes to the British fishing industry is incalculable.

At the outbreak of war the British nation found ready to its hand for immediate use a fleet of well-equipped, seaworthy vessels, manned by seamen second to none. Their record of service is known to every one of us. All this valuable and useful material was in being and had cost nothing to the National Exchequer for its construction.

Salt of the earth

OUR British fishermen are probably the finest type of workers in existence. Their calling develops to the highest degree the primitive virtues of courage, endurance and fortitude.

There are no Communist influences in their ranks. They are the crews of the British lifeboats, and whether in the lifeboat or in the fishing vessel, they are the finest and most efficient life-saving service in the world.

It is most desirable that such valuable material in equipment and *personnel* should always be at the country's disposal, especially in time of need. Those who are primarily engaged in the construction, equipment and maintenance of such an asset should be given the fullest assistance of the country.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

TELL ME *the Secret,* MUSSO

Dreams Come True—Sunday Shopping—Pernicious Secrecy
Free Hotels for Crooks

Mrs. BALDWIN,
10, Downing Street, London, S.W.

DEAR MRS. BALDWIN,—In a few days you will visit Stourport and be among your own folk. There, your husband will ceremoniously unlock a door over which stands the inscription:

"The Lucy Baldwin Maternity Hospital, the thing she wanted most in the world, given to her by Julius Khan."

I wish a few more of our fellow-citizens would set their hearts upon such excellent ambitions, and discover such model millionaires like Mr. Khan to make their dreams come true.

Stourport will honour you. I dare prophesy, long after it has forgotten your husband's statesmanship.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALFRED DENVILLE,
Theatrical Manager

DEAR SIR,—I hear that you are busy making arrangements for twenty summer "stock" companies and hope to employ about 200 artistes.

Might I suggest that, this year, you employ only professional talent, for last summer, at Blackburn and Preston, to mention but two places, there were local amateurs on your stages, while distressed professionals were walking the streets wondering where the next meal was coming from?

I know I have only to mention this for you to do your best. You have the heart of the showman—I cannot say more.

JOHN BULL.

SIR CHARTRES BIRON,
Bow Street Police Court, W.C.

SIR,—You have ruled that the Holborn Council is perfectly in order in not granting a licence for street-trading on Sundays in Little Earl Street, Seven Dials, despite the fact that such trading takes place in other parts of London.

You do not think, you say, that when Parliament passed the L.C.C. (General Powers Act) in 1927 that it intended it to override the Lord's Day Observance Act of 1667.

I can only say that when the latter Act was passed 250 years ago it was probably not intended that it should be interpreted in such a stupid manner in the advanced year of 1929.

You know as well as I do that it is broken every Sunday of the year. Why impose its terms so rigidly at the expense of the street-trader?

JOHN BULL.

THE MASTER,
Auxiliary Schooner "I'm Alone"

DEAR CAPTAIN RANDALL,—Responsible persons cannot be expected to countenance liquor-running into the United States, but your conduct as the master of your ship when pursued and murderously fired upon by United States revenue cutters was magnificent.

"I am within my rights," you signalled. "Fire if you wish, but I will not heave to." Your sails and spars (after a lot of bad shooting) came crashing to the deck, but you held on, like one of the bulldog breed, till the little ship sank under you.

This "action," I suppose, is a victory for the U.S. Navy: but I doubt whether it will appear in their history books.

JOHN BULL.

The BICESTER HUNT,
To Whom it may Interest

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—For once the fugitive, fear-stricken fox has had the laugh. And he was well within the shadow of death when he enjoyed it.

The hounds were in full cry, and were dashing across a railway line near Oddington, when an express thundered down on them. The hounds were scattered in all directions, and, to the horror of the hunting people, one was killed by the iron monster.

The fox escaped.

I am sorry that "the dog it was that died," but it does just show you folk who glory in the wretched fate of a fox that there are two ways of looking at death.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—The public uneasiness which has been steadily gaining ground concerning the conduct of the London Lock Hospital is not allayed by your refusal to publish the report of the committee specially set up to enquire into it.

If the board of the hospital has nothing to be ashamed of, why protect it in this fashion?

Secrecy is at all times a doubtful expedient, but in a matter of this sort, vitally affecting the welfare of innumerable unfortunate women, it is pernicious.

JOHN BULL.

Miss HEATHER MASON,
Lecturer in Bacteriology, Reading University

DEAR MADAM,—While it is common knowledge that huge quantities of "cream" sold daily in ices, cakes or cartons is made of water, dried milk powder, unsalted butter and so on, it is less generally understood how unsatisfactory are the conditions of manufacture.

Reconstituted cream can, with impunity, be made in any dirty shop, backyard or dwelling-house, and although butter is supposed to be used, other fats are, and will be, employed in increasing quantities.

You are performing a public duty in urging legislation on the matter similar to that affecting the real milk trade.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. MORTON,
Governor of Holloway Prison, N.

DEAR DOCTOR,—"All prisoners have their own room," you lament, "but, unfortunately, it is called a cell. Prisoners have great privileges, as, very rightly, I think they should."

I would be the last to advocate jumping on the under-dog, but really, my dear doctor, haven't you gone too far?

A prison is a prison, not a rest-home for tired malefactors.

If you had your way our jails would be crowded with every born-tired in the land.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR CHURCHILL,—I am addressi[ng] you rather than your chief, M[r.] Baldwin, on the question of how [to] win the election which looms ahead.

It is obvious that the Budget, a[nd] nothing but the Budget, will give yo[ur] Party a winning card.

Whether there is one, you alo[ne] know, but you must be casting envio[us] eyes on Italy, where the securing [of] an overwhelming majority is a simp[le] matter to Signor Mussolini.

No budgets, no speeches, no talk[ies] films and no Welsh wizards—just [a] gentle hint to the electors that there [is] trouble in store for those that do[n't] vote the right way.

What a Paradise!

JOHN BULL.

Professor A. S. EDDINGTON,
The Observatory, Cambridge

DEAR PROFESSOR,—I am making [a] special note in my diary of April [1]. On that date you are booked for t[he] second of the B.B.C. momento[us] national lectures, inaugurated recent[ly] by the Poet Laureate, and your su[b]ject is "Matter in Interstellar Spac[e]."

I repeat that I am making a spec[ial] note in my diary—so that I may n[ot] forget to book a couple of seats som[e]where for the missus and myself.

JOHN BULL.

The Sentence of the Court

A YOUNG MAN *in his* QUOTAGE

DAINTILY turning the pages of a morocco-bound volume of King's Regulations, Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, M.P., gave a further decorative effect to his plea of "Not guilty" by interspersing it with a few quotations from Shakespeare.

The charge was one of obstructing Members of Parliament in the course of their duty to humanity.

"It is characteristic of the accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., on behalf of the prosecution, "that he should seek to shelter behind the innocent and highly respected name of Mr. William Shakespeare.

"He followed precisely the same course during the incidents to which this charge relates.

"Not content, as Financial Secretary to the War Office, with putting the brass hat on the latest move to substitute penal servitude for the death penalty as a punishment for cowardice in war, he wound up with a volley of blank verse from his Shakespearian repertory.

"This, however, was nothing to the mustardless gas he introduced earlier. He endeavoured to prove that a soldier will only face an immediate and agonising death by shell wounds or machine-gun bullets aimed low because he knows that if he does not, he may have a perfectly painless death at the hands of a firing squad at some later date.

"The plum of the Duff Cooper line of argument was that he had seen men 'quivering with fear yet going on and behaving like heroes.'

"Whether they continued to shiver in the act of picking up a stray V.C., and terrorised the enemy by the sound of their knees banging together, or whether they suddenly remembered their military law on the point of capital punishment and stopped shivering by numbers, he did not say."

* * *

"It is material," said Mr. Straw-splitter, for the defence, "that since my client is the possessor of a D.S.O., he speaks from personal experience. Not, of course, of the sensations to which he refers, for his point was that he had seen *others* 'quivering with fear.'

"We must, therefore, take his evidence as that of an eye-witness and that of his opponents as hearsay."

* * *

"I find there are a million or two eye-witnesses," said Mr. Justice Bull, "in addition to the prisoner, and their evidence is overwhelmingly against him.

"In many of their statements, I see, the point is made that in modern trench warfare it means certain death to climb out and run away.

"I am not suggesting that because of this our soldiers gained their reputation for heroism by holding their heads well down behind the sandbags, or that the impossibility of a safe retreat was a greater deterrent than the fear of the death penalty.

"In fact, I am of the opinion that far too much is made these days of the alleged spinelessness and 'chronic vertical gust,' as I believe the term was, of our soldiers in the war.

"It is certainly a libel on the troops to suggest that even a small proportion of them only faced the Hun because they preferred that to the firing squad.

"The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be deprived access to the Dictionary of Quotations for the rest of his Ministerial life.

"Also I direct that he be placed in charge of the court missionary with a view to his being persuaded to give up the shooting of jellyfish, which seems to be too common at the War Office."

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

BISHOP OF SWANSEA: "A day of h[oli]sure spent quietly at home would ha[ve] for many people the charm of novelty."

Especially for those who, for yea[rs] have tried in vain to find a home.

* *

PROF. F. E. WYNNE: "Coal smoke [is] sheer waste, unnecessary labour, [a] lifelong toil for millions of women [to] relieve the effect of man's stupidity."

More "sex-war" piffle. If wome[n] weren't as stupid as men they would[n't] stand for it.

* *

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN: "I honest[ly] believe we shall be the largest Party [in] the next Parliament."

We would believe that too if you ha[d] Lloyd George for a publicity agent.

* *

LORD CUSHENDUN: "War is not a g[al]lant adventure, but a national d[u]honour."

Tell us something we don't know.

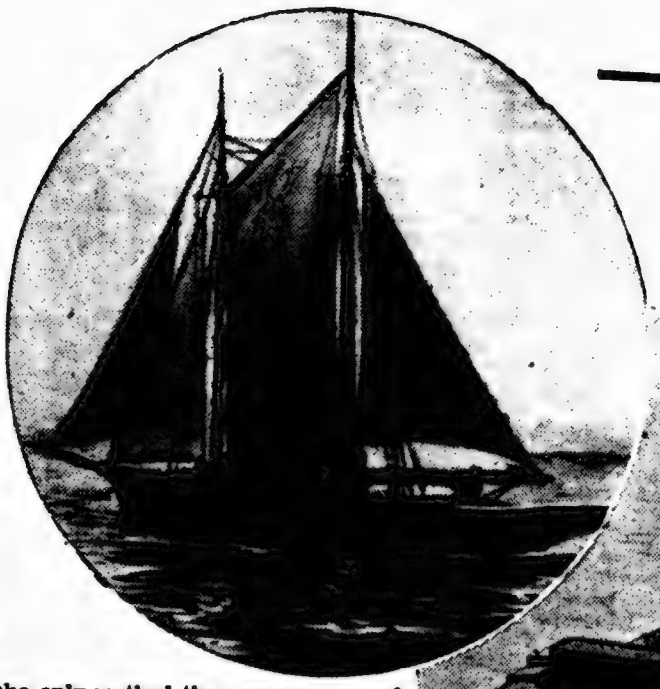
* *

SENATOR BRITTEN: "If we are go[ing] to chase vessels 200 miles, we m[ay] as well chase them into the Engli[sh] Channel."

Not quite, there's a British Na[vy] near there.

'M ALONE —A Bad Dry Joke

BY
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.



THE sinking of the schooner *I'm Alone* by United States coastguard officers raises a question which gives one furiously to think.

First of all, there is the litted fact that an unarmed mer- nt ship was sunk by gunfire on the h seas with complete and callous egard for the fate of the crew. rding to Captain Randall's story, a of wind was blowing, and no man a strong swimmer could hope to

hese appear to be the plain, un- nished facts.

personally, cannot conceive what e any unarmed merchant ship d commit to merit such treatment. ad the crew of the *I'm Alone* been tes, and the vessel armed, and the ted States coastguard vessel became olved in a battle on the high seas, I not think that anyone would have ed a finger in defence of the crew the *I'm Alone*.

ut what was the crime she was mitting? A violation of the laws egard to Prohibition in the United tes.

Let us explore

t us explore the legal situation. y nation with a seaboard is en- d under international law to con- r three miles of the sea from its es as its own territory.

war time, if two enemy vessels t on the high seas and one runs afety within the three-mile limit a neutral country, the pursuing el cannot enter the limit, and must ndon its pursuit.

he neutral country, on the other d, is required by international law ntern the vessel which has entered three-mile limit for the duration he war.

1924, however, a convention was ed between the United States and at Britain in which Great Britain ed that she had no objection to *boarding* of private ships flying British flag by United States orities to ascertain whether they importing or had imported liquor iolation of the Prohibition laws.

was definitely laid down, however, the United States authorities ld not exercise those rights at a ter distance from the United es coast than could be traversed in hour by the vessel suspected.

is distance was fixed by the ed States authorities in August, as twelve miles.

How far off?

e captain of the *I'm Alone* ap- ntly contends that he was fifteen from the United States coast, the United States authorities con- that he was within twelve miles.

t even if the *I'm Alone* were in the twelve-mile limit, does that fy the United States authorities ursuing her for close on 200 miles sinking her in the Gulf of Mexico? es the convention entitle the ed States to sink a British vessel though within the twelve-mile ?

seems a peculiar admission, by United States coastguards, that the only method they can conceive of "rounding-up" a vessel is by pumping shells into her!

The action of the American authorities in this case leads one to the legitimate conclusion that the American authorities regard the violation of their liquor laws as so serious as to merit the penalty of possible death and certain destruction.

The "Alabama"

Let me now make a short historical excursion, and remind my readers, and the United States, of the *Alabama* incident.

In 1861, civil war blazed up in the United States. The Southern States seceded from the remainder on the question of slavery, and set up a separate government.

The British Government at once issued a proclamation recognising the Southerners as belligerents—not as rebels.

Fourteen months later, while war still distracted America, a vessel named *Alabama* lay ready for launching in Messrs. Laird's shipyard at Birkenhead.

The United States Consul at Liverpool protested to our Government that this ship was a man-o'-war, built to the order of the Southerners. As such it was a violation of the international law for her to be allowed to leave England.

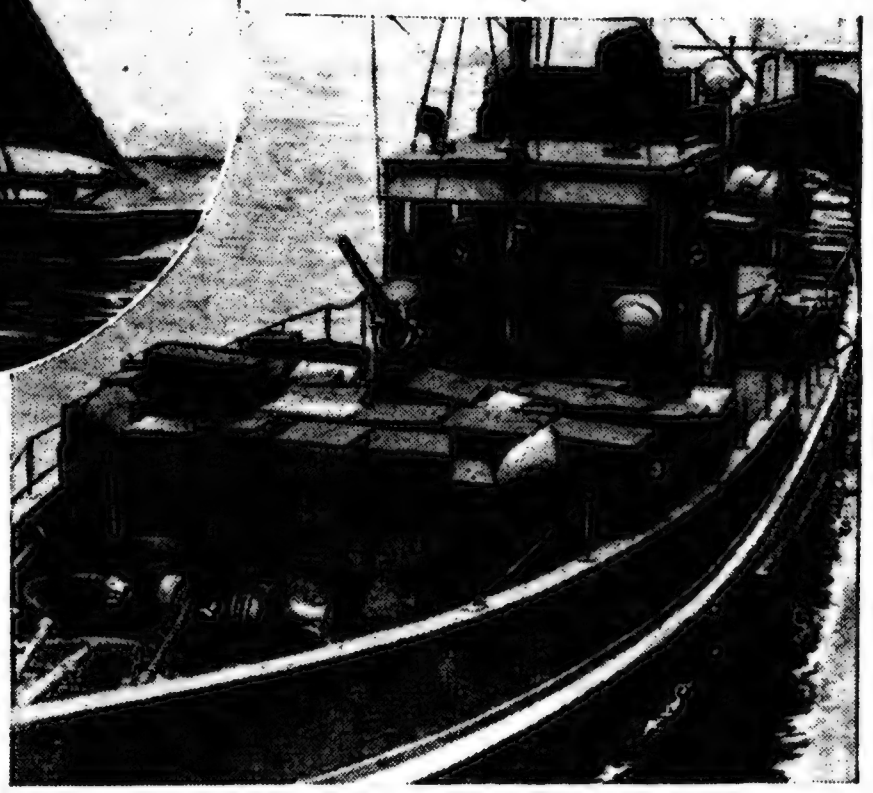
The matter was investigated. The Law Officers of the Crown advised that the *Alabama* be detained. But before this advice could be translated into reality, the *Alabama* was completed, had sailed from Liverpool, and escaped from British territorial waters.

For two years she preyed upon United States shipping, until she was sunk by a United States battleship.

For allowing the *Alabama* to slip away the United States brought many accusations against our Government.

Ultimately, after years of wrangling, Britain paid the United States just on £4,000,000 in gold to settle the whole unsavoury business.

For inaction the United States mulct us of hard cash. Yet, apparently, their barbarian gunners can sink a British ship to-day with impunity. Do the United States already own the Seven Seas?



"I'm Alone," the little schooner which has raised such a big dust. Laden with cases of smuggled liquor and an ugly-looking gun, you see just the kind of U.S. coastguard vessel which sank the "I'm Alone" to the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico

An ultimatum

One realises, and I think the whole world realises, now that war is a farce, a disaster and an unforgivable sin; but I feel certain that if this episode had occurred in 1913 the adjournment of the House of Commons would have been moved forthwith and an ultimatum would have been sent within a matter of hours to the American Embassy.

It is cynical that the nation which was the prime mover in the establishment of the League of Nations may be the first nation to meet a charge before that tribunal of unparalleled callousness and ferocity.

It is perhaps all to the good that the British Press and the British nation have accepted the episode with calmness, but I must confess that it has made my blood boil that in the "sacred name" of temperance such deeds have been perpetrated.

I have no knowledge of the sea, but I refuse to believe that the only method of stopping a ship which refuses to heave to is to sink it.

Is the coastguard system in America so inefficient that it cannot prevent a cargo being run on its coast?

Pirate government

In the old days of smuggling in England the preventive men did not sink the vessel on the high seas; they caught the smugglers running their cargo, seized the cargo, arrested the crew and they were tried *in courts of law*.

Why cannot the Americans do the same thing? Is it because the cause of temperance is so sacred that an attempt to injure it can only be dealt with by shell fire?

It is idle to mince words. The American Government has committed an act of piracy on the high seas, and that is how it should be dealt with.

POLICE *and* PUBLIC

should both be pleased

THE public and the police owe a debt of gratitude to the members of the Royal Commission on Police Powers and Procedure for their untiring efforts, which have culminated in a report lucid in every line, and sound in every proposal.

The report must bring about a complete re-establishment of that mutual respect which has existed from time immemorial, and which I believe had not in fact ever been lost.

It will be equally gratifying to the public and the police to read that the Royal Commission find that:

No case has been established against police forces as a whole for improper or over-zealous interference with the public.

There is no evidence that the use of third-degree methods by the police in the investigation of crimes and offences either exists or would be tolerated by the police themselves.

There is no evidence that the police profit by the number of convictions which they obtain, or that there is any disposition on their part either to trump up charges or to press for the conviction of persons whom they believe to be innocent.

Sir Wyndham's views

The police are now called upon to perform a large number of duties quite outside the sphere of prevention and detection of crime.

If the imposition upon them of new and strenuous duties continues, their numbers must be adequately and proportionately increased, and the public must be prepared to face the expense involved.

Corruption is not unknown in the police, but its extent has been greatly exaggerated, and is mostly associated with the enforcement of laws which are out of harmony with public opinion.

Street betting presents an almost insoluble problem for the police at the present time, partly because of difficulty in detecting the offence, but principally because a considerable section of public opinion regards the present law as class legislation.

It is clear that the Royal Commission has a greater sense of the "liberty of the subject" than the House of Commons, which has not hesitated to rivet upon us the fetters of D.O.R.A.

Perhaps the next Government (whatever its politics may be) will be wise enough to give us our freedom.

MYSTERY of a MISSING MAN

Is Elias Nankin in London?

Nankin's parents, important folk in South Africa, stirred up Mr. Jacobus Stephanus Smit, London South African Commissioner, to find Nankin. Here's Smit

Supt. Brown, of Scotland Yard. He co-operates with the Paris police. We tell him where to look for Nankin

Elias Nankin is smiling here—an expression his face hasn't known for months

TO-DAY JOHN BULL is able to throw new light on a mystery which has baffled the police of two continents through four months—the uncanny disappearance of Elias Nankin, a rich young South African, in Europe on a pleasure trip.

On his first arrival in London Mr. Nankin put up at the Royal Palace Hotel, in Kensington, but for no apparent reason he moved, after one day's residence, to the Regent Palace Hotel.

There he remained until November 20, on which day he left London for Paris, where he put up at the Hotel Paris, Rome, in the Rue de Provence.

Three days after his arrival in the French capital he sent an extraordinary communication to the Regent Palace Hotel requesting that any letters arriving for him should be returned to their senders, marked "Left; address unknown."

On the same day he wrote another letter to Thomas Cook and Sons' Paris branch, asking for his luggage to be forwarded from Paris to his home in South Africa.

This luggage contained all his personal effects, together with intimate papers, and, strangest of all, *his passport.*

Since November 23, the date on which these two mysterious letters were written, no tidings have been received of young Elias Nankin.

He has simply vanished into thin air, leaving no clue, and no suggestion as to the motive behind this singular affair.

Distracted Parents

His distracted parents communicated with Scotland Yard and the South African authorities in London, but could gather no hopeful news.

The very completeness with which the missing man had disposed of all his worldly possessions predisposed the police to fear a sinister solution to the mystery.

The aid of detective headquarters in Paris was invoked. Cafés, hotels and other resorts were carefully combed.

The underworld was visited, and even the morgues were searched lest one of their grim marble slabs might bear the missing man's unclaimed body.

In London the man's description was circulated, but since Nankin was known to have left for Paris, the police chiefly confined their activities to searching for some motive that would explain this bewildering problem.

Nothing was discovered.

As already hinted, the police of London have obtained no clue which would justify a complete search.

Two possible explanations have been propounded—foul play or suicide; but our own careful investigations have given an astounding turn to this baffling mystery.

We confidently believe that the missing man is not in Paris at all, but here in London.

We pick up the trail

Though clues have been practically non-existent, we picked up a trail, and it has led our commissioner by way of West End night-clubs and bars to the fashionable district of St. James's.

There are very sound grounds for believing that young Elias Nankin is alive and being held prisoner—quite possibly an uncomplaining prisoner—in a secluded flat.

We infer with good reason that he has become the dupe of one of the most astute minds in London, a man who figured not long ago as a principal in a sensational case in the Divorce Court, and who is the associate of many queer fish who infest the waters of dubious finance.

The explanation may be that this scoundrel has acquired a powerful hold over the young South African, who, being new to London, would fall an easy prey to one so versed in guile.

Moreover, Nankin had a considerable amount of money and some uncut gems. His parents are wealthy.

Our enquiries have narrowed the search down to the area of St. James's. Beyond that, because of certain circumstances, we cannot go.

Find him, Scotland Yard!

But if the police will be guided by the hints we have thrown out and concentrate their search upon the locality indicated, we shall be very surprised if they do not succeed in finding the man they have sought so long.

And we shall be equally surprised if the resultant story does not prove to be the most sensational one that has burst upon the public for many a day.

A GOOD TURN *for the* SCOUTS

FROM time to time judges have commented on the long hours of point duty which evidence in the courts has revealed are put in by Automobile Association scouts. But such cases have been usually regarded as exceptional, and we do not remember any protest being made.

As a matter of fact, our enquiries show that these guardians of the road who are expected to do so much are really worthy of better things.

* * *

When the matter of pay is mentioned, it is inevitable that the question of tips should be raised, but it may be taken for granted that tips as a serious consideration may be ignored in any examination of the wages and conditions of the A.A. men.

Now, as to qualifications. First and foremost, a man who is ambitious to wear the smart uniform of the scout must have an exemplary character.

He must also be able to do running repairs, have a knowledge of tyres and wheels, and he has all the better prospect of acceptance if he has some acquaintance with the principles of first-aid.

Even A.A. officials admit that their men have to work long hours.

In winter they have to be on duty from nine o'clock in the morning until lighting-up time, while in summer they start at the same time and go on until eight on weekdays and on Sundays from ten in the morning to nine at night.

For the first twelve months they receive 55s. a week, and are provided with a uniform free.

They have one day off in seven, and, provided their conduct is good, are also allowed one week's holiday a year.

Motor-cycle patrols are expected to keep their machines in running order and clean them in their own time.

There are no pensions to look forward to, nor is there any superannuation scheme. As for promotion, there are practically no prospects on which a scout can rely.

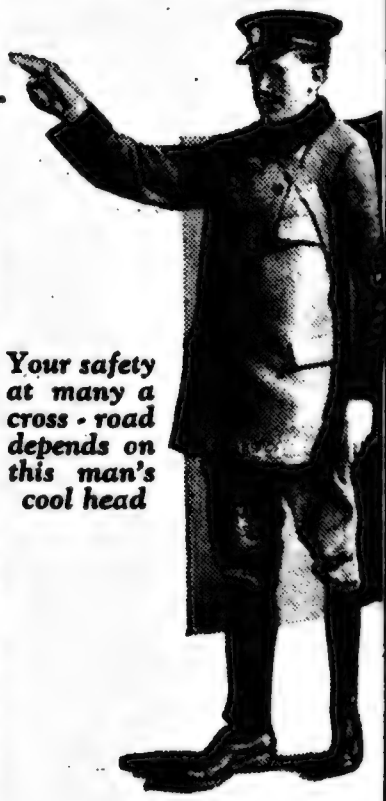
The most serious part of the whole question, however, is the long hours the point duty men have to put in. But, as if this were not enough, they have to report all accidents that happen on their ground—and in summer these average at least one each day—the same day.

* * *

So that although nominally off duty at eight on weekdays and nine on Sundays, they are often doing clerical work until after midnight.

After a day of traffic control, especially at busy crossings, such as those on the outer ring of London, it is no wonder they are exhausted. Yet these men are of such a calibre that they do not grumble at their lot.

While we have every admiration for the success of the great organisation of which Mr. Stenson Cooke has been the chief inspiration since its inception, we feel that the time has arrived when something should be done to improve the lot of the men who, after all, are the backbone of the A.A.



Your safety at many a cross-road depends on this man's cool head

SWEATED STITCHES Sew their Scarlet Pomp

The War Office pays less than legal wages

NEXT time you see a regiment on dress parade, making a brave show in peacock finery of scarlet and gold, spare a thought for those humble workers se skilful fingers have created the lendent uniforms that give the y so much of its glamour.

he craft of those who produce the 's uniforms is a highly specialised and it is surely worthy of ade- e recognition.

ut what are the facts? The truth hat certain workers in the Army hing establishment endure worse ditions than similar craftsmen em- ed by any firm of reputable con- tors.

Majesty's uniforms are fashioned staff of several hundred tailors garment-workers at the Royal Clothing Factory, on the Thames ankment, London.

War Office escapes

ilioring is a trade whose condi- and pay are regulated by a es Board, but the War Office, as mployer, does not come under the diction of the Trades Board Act. r some years the Tailors and Gar- t Workers' Trade Union has been g without success to induce the Office to pay its workers Trade d rates.

t private firms which fail to fall line in this respect are liable to y fines in addition to being forced y up arrears to their workpeople. pervisors, cutters, tailors and r grades at the Royal Army Cloth- Factory have pressed their indi- l claims for wages and condi- , as laid down by the Trades d since 1924.

Some time ago, when many cutters and box-porters were found to be receiving less than the usual rate of pay, certain Members of Parliament interviewed Sir Laming Worthington-Evans and Mr. Duff Cooper, Financial Secretary to the War Office.

As a result of their intervention, a Trades Board inspector was permitted to visit the factory.

A vanished report

He reported to the Ministry of Labour. But except that one cutter, a man named Hammond, eventually received arrears of pay amounting to £156, nothing more was heard.

What has happened to that report?

There is also the case of certain supervisors who work for less than the minimum rate for special cutters, though they are, as a rule, recruited from the cutting-room.

These men contended, and not unreasonably, that they should receive at least the cutter's rate. As established workers, they were not entitled to be members of an outside trade union.

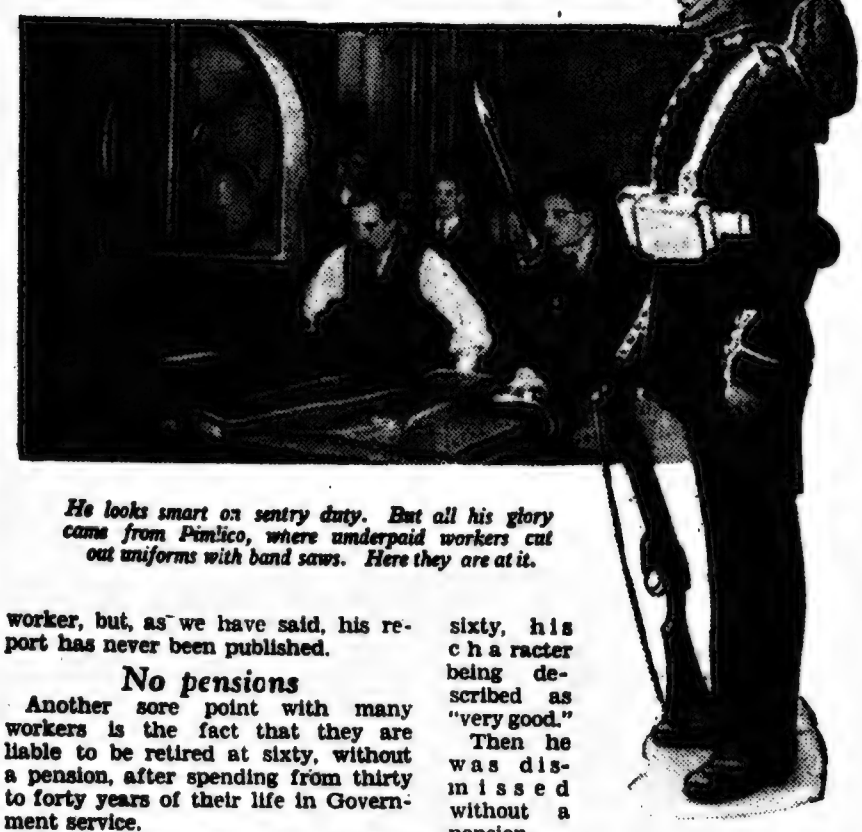
But some who severed their connection with the union accordingly found themselves in other jobs shortly afterwards and replaced by women as a measure of economy!

Women's grievances

And there are these women workers who have their grievances, for whereas the men whom they replaced were allowed holidays with pay, they themselves enjoy no such privilege.

Then there are box-porters, who receive considerably less pay than is usual among private firms.

The Trades Board inspector dealt at [illegible]ength with this class of worker, but, as we have said, his report has never been published.



He looks smart on sentry duty. But all his glory came from Pimlico, where underpaid workers cut out uniforms with band saws. Here they are at it.

No pensions

Another sore point with many workers is the fact that they are liable to be retired at sixty, without a pension, after spending from thirty to forty years of their life in Government service.

These old servants obtain a small gratuity, it is true, but they find it practically impossible to find work at sixty. Nor can they claim an old-age pension until they reach sixty-five.

As an individual case, we may mention Mr. Samuel Rhodes, who first joined the Royal Army Clothing Factory staff in 1894, when he was twenty-five.

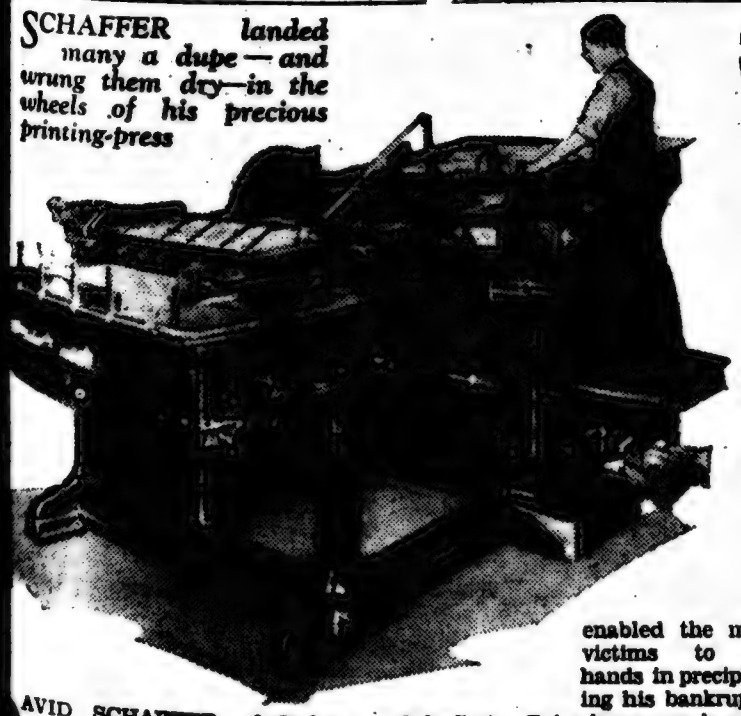
He served faithfully until he was sixty, his character being described as "very good."

Then he was dismissed without a pension.

We demand that the report made by the Trades Board inspector should be dug out from its pigeon-hole and carefully considered by the War Office and by Parliament.

No pleas of "regulations" or "economy" can longer excuse the War Office from escaping obligations which are legally binding on every private employer.

SCHAFFER'S PRINTING SQUEEZE



SCHAFFER landed many a dupe—and wrung them dry—in the wheels of his precious printing-press

AVID SCHAFFER, of Sydenham, South London, long laughed at his duped victims and collared his spoil with im- y.

the tail end of last year his im- ent activities came to our notice. plored them, telling how Schaffer ed a reader to invest £300 in a ng venture with disastrous finan- esults.

ough judgment was awarded st Schaffer by Master Jelf in this the victim did not get his money. the time, our publicity made er lie very low indeed. It also enabled the man's victims to join hands in precipitating his bankruptcy.

Schaffer's affairs have now been investigated. They reveal a deficiency of some £4,000.

And who are his creditors? Mostly folk whom he persuaded to invest their life-savings in the hope of securing remunerative employment.

* * *

He cast his net wide and drew victims from Nottingham, Wembley, Thornton Heath, Bath, Croydon and Ealing. £300 seems to have been a "standard" haul, though in some cases the victims were inveigled to invest more.

One London gentleman, for instance, parted with £400, yet Schaffer frittered away this money without tangible result.

* * *

His brazen impudence is proved by his admission that at one period, when ready-money was completely exhausted, and investor-employees were likely to press him to return their advances, *he decided that the only solution to his difficulties was to engage further men with money to invest!*

So free and easy an outlook is typical of a man who originally set up in business as a general printer in a lock-up shop, with no plant and not a penny of capital!

His first limited company venture was the Scout Printing and Stationery Service, Ltd., the shares of which possess no marketable value.

Then he formed David Schaffer, Ltd., with a capital of £100, and later issued debenture bonds.

* * *

Later he became connected with a scheme known as the Investors' Protection Association, Ltd., but when we add that one of his confrères in this venture was Henry Dunsford, the notorious employment-with-investment ramper, readers will understand how much protection this specious association offered.

As a matter of fact, it was in connection with this last company that a number of unemployed men were induced to sink £300 apiece, hoping thereby to be engaged as "country secretaries."

In his statement of affairs made to the Official Receiver, Schaffer refers to an article in "the Press" "expressing doubt" regarding the prospects of this undertaking.

For "the Press" you may read JOHN BULL. We are not losing our sleep with remorse for having, temporarily at least, checkmated David Schaffer's sharp practice.

Winters' Grasp

MR. J. C. WINTERS, of Broadway Chambers, Acton, London, W.3, describes himself as a publisher, and announces that he wishes to appoint representatives in connection with his latest scheme.

All applicants are required to send a small fee of 2s., being assured that there is "not the slightest element of risk."

We do not know how many would-be representatives have applied to Mr. Winters, but if one has been satisfied we shall be surprised.

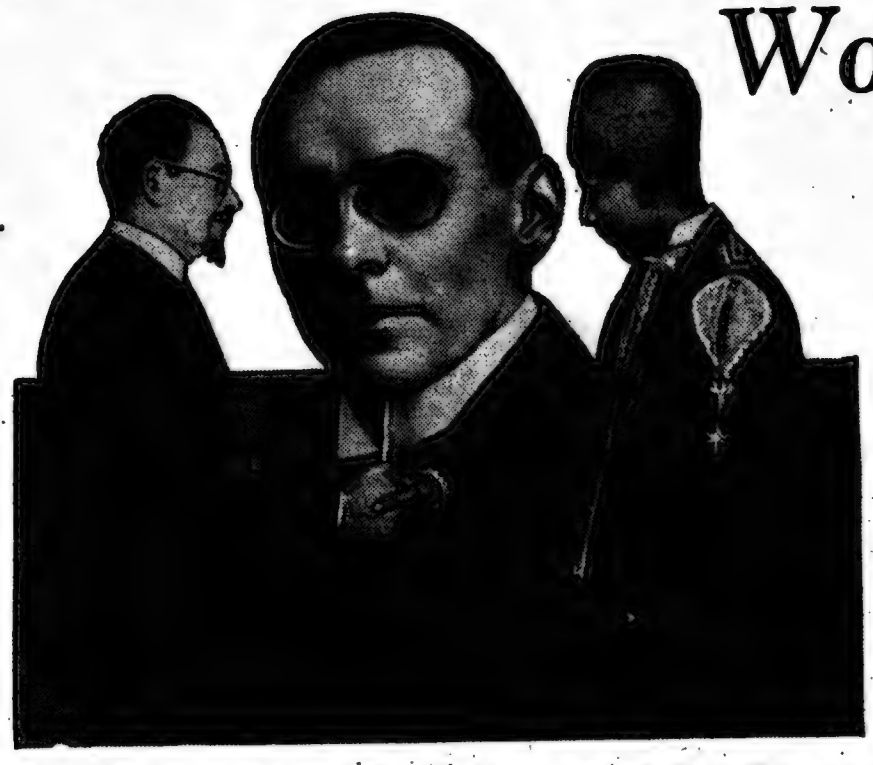
For all that this engaging publisher sends in return for the 2s. fee is a pamphlet.

This reveals Mr. Winters as one of the ever-growing school of postal fee-snatchers.

Mr. J. C. Winters' misleading announcements must be banned by advertising managers in future.

COULD YOU MURDER A Woman in Pink?

Every day and in
Every way
Coueism, Limited,
grows curiouser
and curiouser



Professor Passat, wearing a beard, shakes hands with Ikbal Ali Shah. The latter sports his Afghan robes and fuzzy hat. They greet one another across the chest of Sir John Pratt, J.P. He was once a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, and his name figures in Coueism, Ltd., prospectus. But—does he know all we tell you here?

A TRULY remarkable prospectus, accompanied by some of the most extraordinary printed matter ever seen in connection with a company flotation, was recently sent out broadcast from the office of Couéism, Limited, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

The individuals behind this venture are anxious, apparently, to carry on the work of that great French psychologist, M. Emile Coué, whose demonstrations of the power of auto-suggestion caused a world-wide stir a few years since.

They are nothing if not ambitious, for they propose to operate not only in the United Kingdom, but in the Colonies, the United States, and, amongst other countries, in Germany, Italy, Spain and Norway.

In the first place, the prospectus makes much of the fact that the chief object of Couéism, Ltd., is to acquire the Coué Institute in London, which is alleged to have been founded by M. Coué himself and a few friends.

What would Coue say?

Although the name of the great Coué figures conspicuously throughout the prospectus, there is no definite reference to his opinion of the venture. It is regrettable that such an opinion cannot now be obtained. M. Coué died two years ago.

But, from events which led up to this flotation, there is no doubt that the professor would have something very drastic to say about the issue were he able to speak, for it is within our knowledge that he condemned the methods of commercial exploitation followed by the institute.

The directors of Couéism, Ltd., declare that they are embarking upon "The Cult of a New Life," and have secured the services of an Eastern professor known as Prince Ikbal Ali Shah, "the renowned Oriental scholar and psychologist."

The prince, said to be a cousin of King Amanullah of Afghanistan, is now vice-president of the Coué Institute in London, and holds joint leadership with another inspired thaumaturgist named Professor Henri Passat, heralded as the "successor" to Dr. Coué.

Prince and professor are to help to "cure" all kinds of human ills and weaknesses, such as rheumatism, unbalanced minds, palpitation of the heart, and even dishonesty.

A bowl of oranges

The treatment advocated for an unbalanced mind is to surround yourself with orange, and even to sleep with a bowl of oranges at your bedside upon which to concentrate when you awake each morning!

Blue, we are told, is the colour to combat rheumatism; while white will eradicate dishonesty. Pink will inculcate a spirit of love and gentleness.

"If a man were to enter a woman's house with the intention of murdering her," declares M. Passat, "he would be prevented from so doing if she wore a light pink dress."

It is upon such lines that Couéism, Ltd., comes to the investing public for £75,000!

Apart from using their commonsense in considering these claims, investors should deeply ponder this share offer before parting with a penny.

Supposing the issue is successful, where is the £75,000 to go? What is the London Coué Institute? When did it come into existence? What has it accomplished? And why is it being sold to Couéism, Ltd.?

These are questions which repay consideration.

The institute was formed four years ago by a Mr. J. Louis Orton, under an agreement with the late Dr. Coué.

Magnetism by post

Later it was taken over by a limited liability company, called the Coué-Orton Institute, Ltd., and was exploited for profit in such a manner that both Coué and Orton severed all connection with it.

At that time a gentleman named William Francis Mitchell became prominent in the management, and a postal course in psychology to develop "latent personality" and "magnetism" was introduced.

If students didn't bite at first, six-guinea courses were reduced to two guineas.

Until a few months ago this limited liability company owned the Coué Institute, yet its name is not even mentioned in the prospectus.

Why is it omitted?

A third concern

Instead, a third concern, called the A. M. Elliott Syndicate, Ltd., figured as vendor, though no information is volunteered as to how or when it acquired the institute, or the price it paid for the privilege.

Its chief shareholders and directors, we find, are Mrs. Mae Laschiver Mitchell and Samuel Laschiver, her brother.

But while the prospectus neglects to state how this syndicate—the total recorded capital of which is only £752—obtained control of the institute it was to sell to the new £75,000 company, it confidently anticipated that the first year's trading would bring in at least £20,000.

This figure was based only upon an advertising "test." No independent valuation of assets was given, and there are no figures of past record and accounts.

Yet although the £20,000 profit seems a matter of conjecture, the prospectus blithely adds that the A. M. Elliott Syndicate—which, as already pointed out, is really Mrs. Mitchell and her brother—is to receive some £60,000, more than half of which is to be paid in hard cash!

Mystery man

Although it is yet too early to know what the result of this £75,000 appeal has been, we know that quite a number of people were actually urged to take up shares *before the prospectus was even issued!*

Perhaps the most remarkable statement in this prospectus is one which announces that the services of the present "general manager" have been retained.

Although his name is, curiously enough, omitted, he is described as "one of the most highly-trained experts in mail-order administration who has had a most successful record as manager of Tutorial Correspondence Institutions for the past three years in Great Britain, U.S.A., Canada and France."

Why should the name of a man with such a distinguished record be kept a secret? Can it be because he is no other than Mr. Francis Mitchell?

And who is Mr. Mitchell? He is the man who operated for years as "general manager" to that king of charlatans, "Professor" Elmo Knowles, alias Prather.

Psycho-success clubs

The latter has been denounced by JOHN BULL and other newspapers for his persistent habit of fleecing the credulous in certain "psycho-success clubs."

If any member of the public subscribes to Couéism, Ltd., after these disclosures he ought to sleep in an orange-grove!

FAITH, HOPE and FEES

A YOUNG London reader with artistic ambitions was attracted some little time back by an advertisement inviting such aspirants to apply for a post with tuition.

He was granted an interview with a Mr. Harold Tayler, trading as the Drayton Printers at a studio in King Street, Hammersmith, and he agreed to pay a premium of £25, which would be returnable in salary.

* * *

The pupil-assistant paid this fee and took up his new duties, being paid £1 a week by Mr. Tayler, whom he helped with a window display.

He was also set to cut out a number of designs in plywood. But after two brief weeks he was suspended, Tayler giving the excuse that he was moving into more suitable premises.

For the next two weeks the apprentice received his salary through the post, but when the third week came round he was sent a letter from Cecil Street, Ducie Street, Manchester, to inform him that there would shortly be a change in the direction and policy of the Drayton Printers.

There was! A very sorry change! For from that day to this the young man has heard no more, and has been forced to the sad conclusion that he will never see the balance of his £25.

He has our sympathy, for his fears are only too well grounded. He is not the only aspirant who has been deceived in this way.

A lady who resides in Edmonton also got into touch with Mr. Harold Tayler at Hammersmith, as a result of an alluring advertisement.

She, too, parted with £25 on the understanding that she was to receive tuition in commercial art with a salary of 25s. a week.

* * *

After she had worked for a month during which time her money was paid regularly, Mr. Tayler induced her to invest a further £25, promising her a quarter share in 10 per cent. of the profits derived from art display.

In her case the job lasted for six months; then she, too, was suspended.

There is also a gentleman who parted with £50, and found himself working after four months, while the son of an Islington hairdresser paid £25 for a course of instruction that came to an end in a few brief weeks.

The experience of these dupes should warn other aspirants, and advertisement managers should ban Mr. Tayler's announcements without compunction.

EARLY MONEY

"John Bull" Crosswords are better than ever. Under the improved system there is no need to send a claim and winners get their cheques quicker than ever. Here is something really worth while—quick results—no trouble, and a handsome cheque for Crossword skill. Turn to page 4 now!

Will he MOVE—*or* GET A MOVE ON?

by A. G. GARDINER

Parties and their Leaders—
(1) Mr. Baldwin

We a'l like honest Stanley, but has he got the punch?

IF I had been asked two months ago to forecast the result of the General Election I should have said that Mr. Baldwin would secure a small working majority.

If I had been asked a month ago I should have said he would not have a majority, but that he certainly would lead the largest Party in the House.

To-day it is certain that he will not have a majority of the House, and it is uncertain that he will even have the largest Party in the House. In other words, the prospects of the Government visibly shrink.

The reasons for this obvious fact are not obscure.

Mr. Baldwin's Government has been in office nearly five years. Even the best of Governments suffer from a long term of office.

All the public discontent is focussed on them, and all that floating body of opinion which is outside Parties and which governs elections tends to swing with the tide against the Party in power.

That is the position to-day.

Wanted: A change

The country wants a change. If there were a straight fight between the Government and a united Opposition the result would be as decisive as the election of 1906, and Mr. Baldwin would be swept out of office by an overwhelming majority. But there is no united Opposition, and in the triangular battle Mr. Baldwin may still emerge with the largest following.

Much depends on himself, Mr. Baldwin is at once the strength and weakness of his Party.

In the qualities of character he is easily the most respected, and even loved, of the public men. His urbane temper, his serenity of mind, his high sense of public duty and his entire freedom from ambitions and jealousies have given him an unrivalled place in the affections of the public.

But his gifts are the gifts of the preacher and the moralist rather than of the statesman. As a Party leader he lacks force and initiative.

He is the creature of events rather than the architect of events, and he has no power of imposing his will on his colleagues. The result is that, while his personal qualities endear him to the country, his political deficiencies make him distrusted as a leader.

A bad Press

He is likely to suffer in the approaching election not only for his failings, but for his virtues.

It will be apparent to everyone that he has a bad Press. Almost without an exception the popular newspapers in London have gone over, not, of course, to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, but to Mr. Lloyd George.

Between them, Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook have access to 75 per cent. of the breakfast-tables of the country, and they have never been anything but hostile to Mr. Baldwin.

They have been hostile to him for a reason which does him credit. He has refused to "square the Press," or to rule as the instrument of the great Press magnates.

This is entirely to his honour; but it means that now he has mobilised against him not merely the newspapers which represent his opponents, but the newspapers that have in the past generally supported his own Party.

This would not be so ominous for him if the record of his Government had been such as to win him popular confidence.

But that is not the case.

In certain directions excellent work has been done. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, for example, has gone farther towards solving the housing problem than any other Minister who has tried his hand at the job since the war.

Petty tinkering

But on the crucial question of taxation and unemployment the record of the Government is entirely negative.

The expenditure of the country is not less, but greater than when Mr. Baldwin came into power in 1924, and nothing has been done to mitigate the evil of unemployment.

It may be argued that this evil, being mainly due to world conditions affecting our export trade, can only be cured when those conditions are restored to normal; but the circumstances called for a remedial policy of some sort, and there has been none.

That is, unless Mr. Baldwin claims that the petty tinkering with safeguarding is a policy.

But this tinkering has been about as effective as the attempt to bale out the Atlantic with a pail would be.

This failure to grapple with the problem of unemployment explains the stampede of the industrial constituencies to Labour.

But not only the manufacturing towns are dissatisfied with the Government. The farmers are disgruntled and sulking.

They have been hard hit in recent years, and looked to the Government for some substantial relief, and having been disappointed they are handing over rural seats to the Liberals.

Add to all this the irritation of the vast motoring public over the price of petrol, due to the heavy tax, and the deplorable policy of Sir Austen Chamberlain at the Foreign Office, and it is not remarkable that something like a landslide threatens the Government.

And with all his excellent qualities Mr. Baldwin is not the man to deal with a landslide.

The only way in which such a menace can be met is by a bold policy that will strike the imagination of the country.

So far he has given no hint of having such a policy up his sleeve. He is apparently relying on the De-rating Bill as his trump card.

But it is more than doubtful whether that Bill is an electoral asset.

It has valuable features so far as the reform of local government is concerned, but it approaches de-rating from the wrong angle, and in relieving prosperous industries of rates while offering no equivalent relief to the distributing trader and the householder, it tends to create more discontent than it allays.

But the central weakness of Mr. Baldwin's position is the gloom that reigns in the fighting wing of his own Party.

Watch Winston!

The one word that that wing wants inscribed on his banner is "Protection."

That policy, boldly proclaimed, would not give him the victory, but it would give his Party a cause in which it believes, and which would evoke all the spirit that is at present stagnant.

The memory of 1923, however, is still fresh in Mr. Baldwin's mind, and so far he has refused to invite a second disaster on the same battle-ground.

Mr. Lloyd George is already in the field with a battle-cry that has set all tongues wagging.

If Mr. Baldwin hopes to stem the tide and escape complete overthrow he must strike at once and strike hard. Perhaps Mr. Churchill will sound a counter-cry when he brings in his Budget.

If he doesn't, Mr. Baldwin's fate is sealed.

(NEXT WEEK: Mr. MacDonald and Labour)

TOO HEAVY *to* BEAR

by LORD BETHELL

THE question whether hospitals should be exempted from paying rates is one that has been argued for at least fifty years, but within the last few weeks it has caught the public attention in a startling manner.

The effects of the Rating and Valuation Act of 1925 are just beginning to be felt, and under this Act we now see that hospitals will have to pay rates amounting in some cases to twenty or thirty times what they were paying before.

At one time the London Hospital had been paying only £56 in rates out of a total expenditure of £48,666, as compared with £2,133 paid by St. Thomas's Hospital out of £38,767.

But as the years passed, such cases of discrimination became scarce.

In spite of this, however, it is quite possible that the hospitals might have suffered in silence had it not been for the sudden increase in rates due to the Rating and Valuation Act of 1925.

A few months ago the effects of this Act were seen to be so grave that in November a questionnaire was sent out to 679 provincial hospitals. By the end of the year, 221 of these hospitals had replied.

The information they supplied is sufficient to stagger anyone who has the interests of the nation at heart.

To put the matter briefly: Before the Act came into force, the provincial hospitals of England and Wales were assessed at £63,000, or £1.56 per patient bed.

Under the 1925 Act they will be assessed at £95,000, or £2.36 per patient bed. Formerly they paid £44,000 annually. Now they will be asked to pay £66,000.

* * *

There is every reason why hospitals should be de-rated. For one thing, they treat a great many patients who would otherwise come on the Poor Rate—in other words, they already pay their Poor Law Rate in kind.

Moreover, those people who support the hospitals are in the extraordinary position of paying their rates twice over. They have their own local rates to pay, and it is manifestly unfair that their contributions to the hospitals should be assessed as well.

Total exemption from rates is the only real solution to the present unsatisfactory position, and this is the measure which I hope to see in force before the end of this year.

CADBURY'S GREAT INVENTION

CADBURYS have found a way to make "fancy chocs in handy blocks." This reduces manufacturing costs and gives you 'more for your money.'

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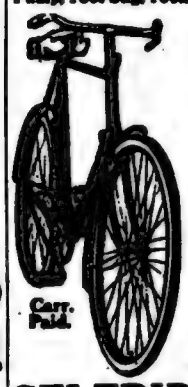

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(Continued on page 33.)

A Certain THOUSAND Per Cent

—is the return from money sunk in family endowment

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Family endowment would give every child the chance to grow up healthy, and as full of zip as these jolly youngsters

Professor Gilbert Murray, Greek scholar, politician, and a champion at "Hide and Seek," is a President of the Family Endowment Association

T is a good many years since I first heard the words "Family Endowment." It was in the days when any proposal make life better, any suggestion that the burdens of e might be more equally ared, any hint that society ght be improved and a little re oil be applied to its eels, had the effect of the noviev Letter!

It was Socialism! And in se days Socialists were arded as something rather rse than two-tailed devils!

The world has moved on a le since then. It is a bit ficult nowadays to see where Conservatism" ends and Socialism" begins.

The days are gone for ever en the human side of poli- could be disregarded with im- nity.

It is a common starting-point for Parties that the country's welfare ends on the welfare and the health its citizens, and that men and men and children are the top and ttom of all programmes and all licies.

That is why we are going to hear re and more of "family endow- nts" and "family allowances." more enlightenment comes to dern politics, the more must poli- ans take the child as the fountain- d of legislation.

C3 or A1 babies

You cannot," said Mr. Lloyd rge, "make an A1 nation out of citizens." And you certainly can- make A1 citizens out of C3 chil- n.

Yet at present we are content to p a vast and expensive Ministry of lth struggling to overtake the nage caused by bad housing, bad ding and inadequate clothing.

e have seen the wisdom of cure: are only moving slowly to the idea , valuable as cure is, prevention is housand times better.

hat is why the idea that there uld be a State allowance for chil- —a State subsidy for children if like—is coming right to the fore- t of politics.

is beginning to be realised that moment a child is born it ceases e the sole care of its parents, and the State has a very real and vital interest in its well-being.

e are beginning to realise at last it is not fair either to the child ne nation to leave it at the mercy the vicissitudes to which its nts may be liable and which may a healthy child and sound citizen a physical wreck that will simply me a useless charge on public ds

Just starvation

is no great credit to us that ets, a disease of malnutrition— plain English, under-feeding—is n on the Continent as "the ish disease." I am not saying there are no underfed children the Continent. There are—but is no reason why there should be any here.

t take one instance. In the nney district of Monmouthshire latest returns show that the in- fantile death rate is double that for the rest of England and Wales.

And the cause is given as starvation—plain stark starvation without any trimmings.

How can we ever build up a healthy, robust generation on that sort of thing?

It is rather a strange fact that we who live in the freest, most enlightened and most go-ahead country in Europe should be so much behind other countries in human legislation of the kind I am discussing.

In France, for instance, allowances are paid by the State and local governing authorities on behalf of the children of their own employees. They are also paid by all railways and mining companies and by many thousands of firms banded together for the purpose.

They are to be found in operation in Germany, Holland, in Switzerland, in Belgium and in Czecho-Slovakia.

What are the effects? The testimony of employers is worth listening to, and they assert that the system has improved the relations between employers and employed, lessened strikes, decreased infant mortality, and even, say some, had a striking effect on production.

I can well believe it. No man is going to work any less enthusiastically because he knows that his children's needs are going to be met in some measure irrespective of what happens to him.

We have not yet sufficiently appreciated the dreadfully depressing effect the spectre of fear and want can have on the human spirit.

Say what you like about the "shiftlessness of the poor." Blame them for drinking, for dirt, for what you will—but don't blame the children.

They have done nothing. They did not even ask to be born.

But when they are born they have a right to ask for a reasonable chance of life. They have a right to demand that the nation which claims them as its future citizens should give them a square deal.

When a wise piece of legislation put an end to child labour it took a great human step forward—but it stopped short of real humanity, as so much legislation does.

It prevented, and rightly, tiny children partially earning their own keep, but it failed to make any alternative provision.

It condemned thousands of families to disheartening and grinding poverty, and took from thousands of children what small hope of a reasonable chance in life they had.

Camouflaged

It is here that family allowances—paid direct to the mother—should have been introduced. We already recognise the principle in a disguised form for the salaried worker through income-tax allowances—so why not for all?

There are several ways of doing it. It could be done, as on the Continent, out of a fund created by employers for the purpose. In France this only represents about 2 per cent. of an employer's wage bill.

It could be done also by an extension of the system of compulsory contributions, where the fund would be created by joint contributions from the State, the employer and the workman—just as we now make provision on a national scale for unemployment and sickness.

The third way would be to have a national system of child endowment paid for out of taxation. This has already been done in New Zealand since 1927.

Whatever method we eventually adopt, I am certain we shall not go much longer without adopting one or the other.

The wedge's thin end

We have already advanced a long way towards the idea. We have the new pensions scheme for widows and fatherless children, the dependents' allowances paid under the Unemployment Insurance Acts, and the principle on which out-relief is granted to the unemployed in proportion to their families.

All these are really nothing but instalments of the basic idea of a definite scheme of child endowment.

Whatever money such a scheme cost could not be other than money well spent.

There is no more valuable asset to a nation than its children.

There is no sounder investment a nation could make than to see to it that its children shall grow up into normal healthy men and women.

The Human Machine

The Hiss of the Limes

IT used to be very common for the unthinking to be dazzled by the glare of the footlights and the tinsel splendour of the stage.

Most of us, when we were younger, "fell for it," mistaking sham for reality.

We know better now. Not many of us retain those illusions. We laugh or cry, we shudder or thrill, but we are well aware of the mechanisms to which we are surrendering for an hour or two.

Yet somehow we don't look at life like that. We love to let it deceive us. We persist in believing the tinsel and we are so hypnotised by the limelight that we take the "heroes" at their own valuation and meekly hiss the "villains" on the word of command!

Why should we envy greatness? How many men who appear great could stand examination by the cold standards of unheroic sticking to daily duty, honesty and faithfulness in little things, and the more commonplace virtues?

It is easy enough to *appear* great when a spotlight is fixed on us and when we are trapped out in all the glittering raiment of a star part.

It is not so easy to *be* great when there is no audience and no applause. And yet that is the real test.

The great majority of us have no opportunity for stepping into the glare of the footlights. We need the courage and the ideals and the grit that will sustain us in carrying out the ordinary affairs of every day.

We can be great in the only way that really matters—by making use of such gifts as we have and not neglecting and abusing them.

Kings and emperors can do no more than that.

Yes!.wherever you go you'll find that—

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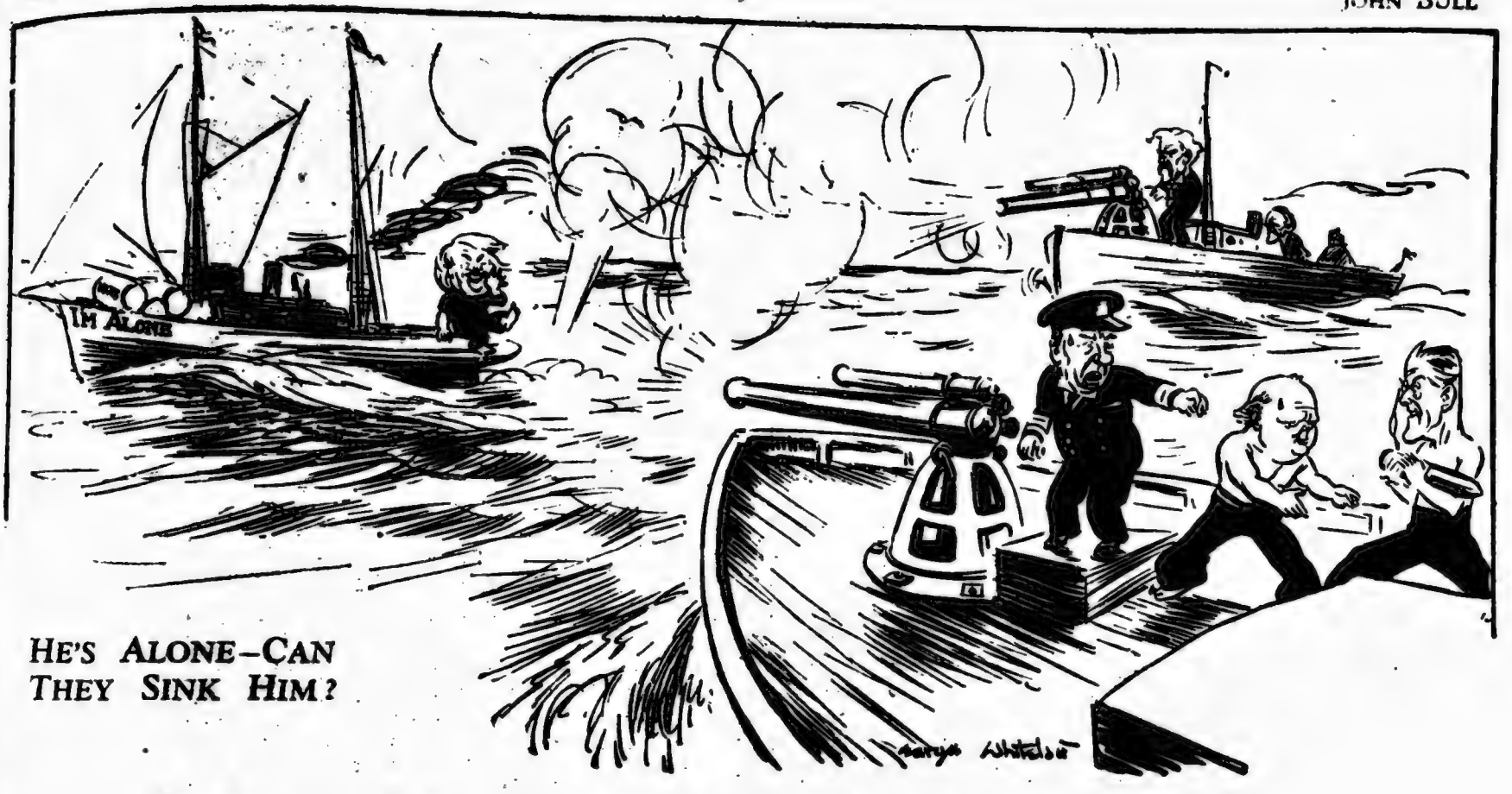


HE'S ALONE—CAN THEY SINK HIM?

This Year—Next Year—Sometime—EVER?

Without Fear or Favour

by the Editor

THE nearer the election comes the fiercer grows the controversy over the methods of lessening—if not positively curing—unemployment.

This is inevitable, because no other problem looms half so large in the eyes of the electorate. No Party can hope even for remote success at the polls that does not promise something drastic in this direction.

It is all very fine for the Minister of Labour to claim, as he did the other night in the House of Commons, that since this Government took office unemployment has declined from 10.9 per cent. to 10.3 per cent.

"At the present moment," he said, "the figure of unemployment is some 36,000 less than when we took office."

What is there to boast about in that?

Was it not the Party of the Minister of Labour which claimed at the last General Election that it had a "positive remedy" for unemployment?

How, then, comes it that unemployment figures are well over a million, that they are nearly a quarter of a million more than they were last year, and that, despite the "positive remedy," it is still possible for politicians of all Parties to make election stunts and Party capital out of the misery and distress of huge bodies of British workmen?

The Conservative Party, having done nothing in five years, is not going to disclose its plans—if any—until within a few weeks of the election.

The Liberal Party claims that it can cure unemployment in a single year—but when pressed says that "curing" really means leaving at least half-a-million men without a job. That is what we are invited to believe is our "normal" figure of unemployment.

THE Labour Party, now keenly critical of everyone else, whined that it "could not produce rabbits out of a hat" when invited to do something practical about unemployment. Its sole contribution was to lay down five unnecessary cruisers and start a naval feud with America!

It all makes us rather tired.

For men and women and children are starving while politicians fight and squabble, and dangle wholesale promises in front of an impatient nation.

It is tragic, too, that we cannot organise our affairs better than to see, on the one hand, overwhelming arrears of housing, terrible overcrowding and acres of reeking slums, and, on the other, 160,000 building operatives out of work!

That is not politics. It is pure Bedlam.

We take our stand, as always, on elementary principles.

Since unemployment is a national problem, it must be dealt with in a national way.

We see no reason for it becoming a bone in the political dog-fight.

Election or no election, there should be established now a committee of all three Parties to examine any and every proposal that has been put forward.

Wisdom is not the peculiar inheritance of any one Party, and the problem is too vast and too urgent to be left to the wiles and tricks of Party organisers and Party leaders.

* * *

Right Again

WE have not infrequently got into hot water from interested parties for urging unemployed men to look twice before they swallowed the glittering baits tempting them to emigrate to Australia and New Zealand.

We have been roundly abused as liars for venturing to tell the truth, and for saying that work was as scarce there as it is here.

Time brings its revenges. The Government of New Zealand has fallen, largely because it had encouraged so many persons to emigrate from this country to New Zealand while unemployment was rife.

The new Government has put its foot down. The Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Ward, has definitely turned down a request from Mr. Baldwin that New Zealand should receive some of the surplus population of this country.

"We have definitely impressed upon the High Commissioner in London," he says, "not to send out to New Zealand during the winter months anyone who is looking for employment."

So that's that.

If you see it in JOHN BULL . . .!

THE outstanding mystery of the Post Office is why, calling itself a business department, it so persistently refuses to advertise its own goods.

Why should it be left to the Telephone Development Association, a group of manufacturers, to advertise so vital an asset? Why cannot the Post Office help?

Get a Move On!

In comparison with other countries we are positively undeveloped so far as the telephone is concerned.

New York has one telephone for every three inhabitants, while London has only one to every ten! For cities and towns outside London we cannot even begin to compare with other countries.

Sweden has 76 telephones per thousand of population, Denmark has 92 per thousand. Great Britain has only 38!

If the Post Office only devoted 1 per cent. of its telephone revenue to advertising, it would have £180,000 per year to spend—and you can do a lot of useful advertising for that.

There is an almost unlimited field of new business waiting to be developed, and it is all nonsense that the Post Office does not set about developing it.

IT is sheer confession of business failure for the Post Office to say that "the restriction of capital expenditure due to the urgent need of national economy has curtailed the constructional activities of the Engineering Department."

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is going to spend £80,000,000 a year for the next five years in development. What are we going to spend?

National economy would be better served if some of the millions now wasted on the "dole" were put into imaginative constructive work like this.

The Telephone Development Association is left to do all the publicity. Its interest is solely in the manufacture of instruments, the revenue from which is only a fraction of that earned by the service.

It has done and is doing good work. The duty, and the urgent duty, of increasing national efficiency by booming the telephone is also the job of the Post Office to which it belongs.

Our SECRET Poison-Gas Farm

DEATH

J. B. S. Haldane, Cambridge University Professor and Britain's foremost poison-gas expert, put us one up on German methods of gas warfare

SIX miles out from Salisbury, along the road curving past Amesbury Down, stands the hamlet of Porton.

Beyond the tiny group of houses the Down slopes up bare and desolate, and in its most unfrequented part lies a collection of long, low hutments, dotted here and there with a few taller buildings. They are surrounded by a high, strong fence, which encloses also several acres of the sparse and stunted grassland.

Many of the huts are queerly shaped, their roof line broken by cowls and small domes. For the most part they stand deserted and silent; and the traveller coming suddenly upon them might find it hard to guess their use.

A blasted heath

Yet sometimes the wind blowing across them through the withered sedge bears a mere ghost of a smell, acrid and faintly sweet, and the memory stirs uneasily. Then, if you lived through the hell of 1914-18, you will guess—GAS!

That silent group of buildings is the Chemical Warfare Experimental Station, Porton.

Set in a scene like Macbeth's "blasted heath," they, too, can speak of horror, but fouler brews are distilled there than ever came from witches' cauldrons.

The Porton station is the great testing ground for poison gases. To this place there come flasks and cylinders containing death in its most frightful and revolting form. From the gas factory at Sutton Oak, in Lancashire, they arrive to be tested under every possible condition that could obtain in actual war—by bomb, by shell, and by wind-driven cloud.

Living victims

The impact of a bullet on a sheet of lead, the explosion of a shell in a measured plot of ground are a sufficient test of the death-dealing properties. *But to gauge the effect of a poison you need the living body.*

Elaborate apparatus has been devised at Porton for this purpose. Each of those huts and buildings is a laboratory and a death house in one. Each contains glass-fronted chambers surrounded by intricate measuring instruments, glass vessels and tubing.

In these lethal chambers helpless animals are placed and slowly tortured to death by streams of poison vapour at varying concentrations. Every day since the middle of the war the experiments have continued. The Armistice did not stop them, nor the Peace Treaty, nor Locarno.

From May, 1923, until January, 1926, 2,138 animals were subjected to poison gases at Porton.

All excepting 345 were either killed by the experiment or had to be destroyed within one month of the test.

These animals included 124 cats, five horses, fifty-eight goats, six monkeys, 1,136 rabbits, 406 guinea-pigs, and many other small animals, such as rats and mice.

Horses must die

From January 1, 1925, to October 31, 1926, 1,244 animals were experimented on, including seventeen horses, fifty-eight cats, forty goats and 849 rabbits. Of these, 300 were killed by the experiment and 766 destroyed shortly after.

During the year 1926-7, 644 animals, and during part of 1927-8, 385 animals, were killed by gas experiments. They included twelve horses, thirty-one cats, five goats, one monkey and 471 rabbits.

We have not been able to obtain figures prior to 1925 nor later than 1927, but in December last year experiments were still proceeding, if anything more vigorously than ever before.

A Cabinet Minister, in the course of an official report, explained, possibly anticipating some protest, that "the horses used were all unfit for further service before they were taken to be used on these experiments."

What an end for the friend of man! After a lifetime of toil, to die a lingering, agonising death in the poison chamber, or tethered in the midst of a gas-steeped area of soil!

Properly to comprehend some of the torture which these animals endure before death comes as a release it is necessary to have some idea of the great advances that have taken place since 1918 in methods of chemical warfare. The cruder technique and the limited ranges of substances used then have been far surpassed.

Gases can be divided into two main classes, persistent and non-persistent.

Mystery Lewisite

Each of these two main types is further divided into four divisions —lethal, tear gases, sneezing gases and special gases, such as blistering gases.

Persistent gases are the most valuable from the military point of view. "Mustard" gas is the best known example of this type, and one form of this blistering gas was used during the war. Subsequent research was undertaken, and some sixty different new and "useful" varieties were evolved.

The mysterious Lewisite is among these. Rumour has never been wilder than about the effects of this substance, but they are evil enough in all truth. It is not an explosive as has been popularly supposed, but a gas.

Three drops kill

Discovered by an American chemist named Lewis, it is an arsenical gas possessing infinitely worse burning and blistering properties than the old mustard gas; with the added deadly quality of being absorbed into the body through the skin. Three drops placed on the abdomen of a mouse will kill it in two or three hours.

It is with such terrible means that these thousands of animals are killed.

Picture a small monkey cowering in a corner of the glass death house, a pitiful caricature of human terror, as it breathes the first burning fumes. The gas experts watch critically through a window, noting each detail of the little creature's death agony. Then ask yourself if such scenes are worth while, if they should be tolerated.

Porton and Sutton Oak have cost the nation £1,250,000 since the war.

Under a special vote an average of £134,000 has been allotted for each of the past three years.

This enormous sum so spent each year leads one to ironical and painful comparisons.

Our annual contribution to the League of Nations is £108,000! We spend considerably less in maternity and child welfare grants.

The public's bill for chemical warfare research jumped from £54,000 in 1921 to £103,000 in 1924, and thence to £148,000 per annum in 1926.

When is it going to stop and where? Are we trying to lead the world in a frightfulness race?

The establishments at Porton and Sutton Oak have steadily grown in size.

The last available official figures give the staff at the first-named as 22 military and other officers, 56 civilian scientists, and 188 subordinate staff. At Sutton Oak there are eight officers with 55 subordinates turning out experimental quantities of poison gas. The quantities manufactured cost between £8,000 and £10,000 per annum.

The work at Porton is controlled by a Director of Experiments, who is a civilian; but over all rules the Commandant, a Colonel, who recently had a very substantial house erected for him at a cost to the nation of £5,600.

A Chemical Warfare Committee, consisting of about 100 officers and civilians, a fifth of whom are con-

More terrible than a warship's huge guns—the three white drums are explosive charges,

If you saw this in reality you would run, or die. It's the poison cloud spread by gas guns fired simultaneously. Five seconds after their explosion gas fumes have spread more than half a mile

TORTURE

...d with the fumes of hell" ...pert at work concocting a ...leath in his laboratory

Not flower pots—but gas projectors planted in the shell-pocked earth of No Man's Land, and ready to belch deadly gas

The box helmet respirator of war-days. Scientists believe all masks useless against the latest devilish gases

...ector outfit. Those ...el the bombs

Where Lethal Fumes Exact a Daily Toll

At the World Conference of the Women's International League, held in January last, and attended by scientists of world-wide repute, the growing menace of gas warfare was discussed in detail.

It was pointed out that the civilian population will certainly be the first and chief sufferers in the next war, and that with the development of the new weapons of disease germs and lethal gases the entire scope and nature of belligerent technique is changed.

But the chief point which emerged was that so long as this foul method of war is tolerated, *any nation is at this moment helpless against* any other which first declares war, because the capacity for destruction of the new weapon has far outstripped the measures of defence.

One of the speakers, Professor Lewin, of Berlin University, is the leading authority in the world on poisons. He is an expert on the effects of chemical gases on the human system, and has devoted twenty years of research to the question of chemical warfare.

His statement let a cold blast of realism into the fevered jabberings of the brass-hat pundits in the war councils of Europe.

Gasmasks no good

He told his hearers that some thirty types of poison gases have so far been isolated, and could be prepared speedily and in quantity. *And that against every one of these, all antidotes and all protective measures were virtually useless.*

Further, he added that it would cost about £150,000,000 even partly to protect the population of Germany against attack by gas.

Professor Lewin's statement received the support of a distinguished panel of scientists, many of them from this country. On the Conference Committee are such names as those of Professors Stanley Eddington, F.R.S., Noel Baker, M.A., G.B., highly-placed military and naval officers such as Admiral Allan, public men like Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., Commander Josiah Wedgwood, the Hon. Bertrand Russell, and John Galsworthy.

Not scaremongers

These names do not back idle chatter or scaremongers' tales.

We do not look forward to the day when gas-mask drill shall be included in every school curriculum. We have not got ten million pounds to spend on that form of protection. Far better to make it unnecessary for ever.

The Protocol should be ratified at once, and a movement set on foot to strengthen it considerably by the abolition of all subsidies for chemical warfare, and by a world-wide Chemical Control Pact.

Then the Portons and the Sutton Oaks will go, leaving the world a cleaner, safer, saner place.

But not only on horses and cats, on monkeys and goats and other harmless creatures have these gas experiments been permitted. The experts have even been able to secure as a subject—man himself!

We are able to reveal that, in 1925, 372 experiments took place on 188 young soldiers, who were asked to volunteer for these dangerous tests, and were offered extra pay.

Solitary protests

At the time it was denied by the authorities that any permanent disabilities had manifested themselves in the young soldiers submitted to the experiments.

In the past four years two solitary voices have been raised in the House of Commons to protest against the Porton abomination.

In each case private members have asked the Secretary for War if these experiments need be continued on horses. The Secretary has replied that these experiments are unfortunately necessary in order to obtain required data.

On another occasion he informed a member in a written reply that experiments would continue until the Government was in a position to ratify its signature to the Geneva Protocol.

Germany signs

Some weeks ago at Geneva Herr Stresemann, on behalf of the German nation, expressed his willingness to ratify the Geneva Protocol of 1925 without delay.

In this agreement the signatories bound themselves to ban the use of poison gas and bacteria as weapons of war.

The Protocol has now been ratified by all great European Powers with the exception of Great Britain.

What does this action of Herr Stresemann mean?

It is not a mere diplomatic gesture. It means that the country which began poison-gas warfare abjures it for ever. It means that the country which before all others possesses the most complete equipment for gas manufacture willingly renounces the use of this terrible weapon.

May it not mean, too, that Germany by this action withdraws from the race because her skilled technicians who first suggested the use of poison-gas as a legitimate means to end the war are now appalled at its post-war developments?

This is not idle conjecture.

dangerous, requiring skilled and intelligent workmen, all of whom could find immediate employment in the struggling dye industries in this country.

Quantities of manufactured poison-gas are sent from Sutton Oak to Porton to test, on the living organism, their suitability for use in war.

This we believe is the first time that public attention has been drawn to the work which goes on at Porton. Nor can one consider the matter without realising the ridiculous anomaly which exists between the treatment accorded the general scientific worker and that given to the experts in gas offence at Porton.

The first, devoted to the conquest of human pain and suffering, has his work hampered and harassed in every conceivable way by public attacks by the anti-vivisection societies and the legislation which they have succeeded in imposing.

Under anaesthetics

The second, whose aim is the precise opposite, has pursued his dire way unnoticed and unhonoured by the attentions of these worthy bodies.

Where is the sense of imposing endless restrictions on a scientist who, with the ultimate aim of prolonging human life, operates on an animal under anæsthetics, and, on the other hand, giving ample choice and liberty to the gas expert, who, with the end of destroying human life, throws an animal into a glass cage and allows it to die in suffocating agony?

nected with the chemical industry, presides over the whole organisation.

The Sutton Oak factory, near St. Helens in Lancashire, employs chiefly civilian chemists and workmen.

Surrounded by dozens of other chemical factories in that bleak district, it differs from none of them except in the special nature of the plant installed there, and the discipline imposed on its workers, which is similar to that in a Government Arsenal.

At Sutton Oak the formulæ devised in the laboratories of the Research Committee are tried out on a works scale.

The unstable and complicated nature of many of these gases demands some such organisation, since methods used in a laboratory in making small quantities may be useless when applied in the factory on larger amounts.

Special problems such as "filling" and transport are investigated; and the work is highly

5 for 10D

Don't worry, old man, have a Manikin—they only cost 2d. apiece and they're top-hole smokes for the money.

More "smoke" pleasure and cheaper, too, in the long run, for Manikins *do satisfy*, which is more than I'd care to say about cigarettes.

Buy a packet to-day, and the first few whiffs will convince you—as they did me—that you are on a winner in the way of smokes.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Real Life Stories by Famous Authors

THE Nice Kind WOMAN

by A. M. BURRAGE

(Illustrated by John Campbell)

IT is always embarrassing to be asked to tell a true story which is "stranger than fiction." One knows so many.

And Truth has the advantage over her rival in this: that whereas, in order to satisfy readers, Fiction must be made to seem like Truth, Truth can, and often does, appear in the most improbable light.

The tale I am about to tell is extraordinary enough, because it deals with a rather rare kind of criminal—a woman who blackmailed children, and, so far as I know, managed to keep out of prison.

I don't know if it could be fairly called "stranger than fiction," but it was a strange, disturbing and very disagreeable experience for a small boy of nine to endure. I know, because I was the small boy.

I spent my early childhood in a provincial town not very far from London, and my first school was a day-school for little boys, kept by a very old lady of terrifying aspect and staffed entirely by women.

I often envied the elementary school children who were allowed the joys and privileges of playing about the streets, but dared not join them for fear of being seen and reported.

However, I managed to find my way into forbidden company and in this way. The town cricket-ground was beside the railway, and separated from the line by a rail fence and a dense but shallow thicket.

When a match was being played I noticed that small boys who grew tired of watching it climbed the fence and got into the thicket. There they played games of Indians and pirates and so forth, and, when a train passed, whitened the locks of the engine-driver by seeing who should be last across the line.

I was admitted into this glorious company, and as our doings could not be seen from the cricket-field I was secure from all grown-up observation save that of the engine-driver.

EVIDENTLY he did not know my name, for he always addressed me by one which, in its literal sense, I am happy to say that I never deserved.

Among these boys there was one of my own age whom I will call Charlie Johnson. For the sake of the few hundred Charlie Johnsons who may read these lines I hasten to add that this was not his real name.

He was a nice boy, and I got to like him very much. I have always felt sure that he was not aware of his mother's true character.

At my dame school there were no compulsory games. Those who liked could accompany a bored assistant mistress to the Common on half-holidays and indulge in very anæmic games of cricket or football, but there was no obligation to attend these sad festivities. I knew of a better way to spend my half holidays.

Thus, while it was thought at home that I was disporting myself with the "nice" boys, I was actually in the thicket beside the cricket-ground or on the railway.

One afternoon that summer I was making my way home from school. The school was at a distance from my home, and there were two or three routes open to me to take.

ONE of them—of course, the shortest cut—was forbidden, because part of the way led through a distinctly slummy quarter. I am bound to admit that it was not a safe or a healthy district for a small boy.

I used to encounter foul smells and worse language, and drunken street fights on Saturday afternoons were the rule rather than the exception. But naturally that forbidden short cut had a fatal fascination for me.

I was passing through this not very salubrious district when I saw an old man sitting outside his door on a Windsor chair, sunning himself. I don't know what made me do it—I suppose I was just an average little beast and the instincts of sportsmanship hadn't yet been kicked into me.

However that may be, the sight of a victim who looked too infirm to rise and give chase was too much for a small boy who felt that he had to let off steam. Somebody had to be "cheeked," so I lingered and "cheeked" him.

I forget what I said, or what he replied. I only know that my efforts evoked a torrent of language which was free and joyously unrefined, and that my very private vocabulary was considerably enriched.

Being desirous to hear more, I lingered and goaded him to fresh efforts: but I stayed too long.

Suddenly out of the open door behind him came tumbling two rough-looking boys much older and bigger than me. I suppose they were only about thirteen or fourteen years old, but I was nine, and they seemed to me almost men.

I turned and ran for my life, strongly encouraged by the ringing of hobnailed boots on the pavement behind me, the owners of the hobnailed boots being at the same time encouraged by the outraged old gentleman.

There was a double corner at the top of the street, and there the district changed in character very much for the better.

A long road lay before me lined with decent artisans' dwellings, prim and neat little houses in which all the piano tuners and insurance canvassers in the district seemed to have taken up their abodes.

Until I reached this road I managed to keep my distance in front of my pursuers; then age, length of limb, and stamina began to tell. They began to gain on me rapidly.

My home was still nearly half a mile away, and in a straight race I had no chance. The knowledge that I thoroughly deserved what I was likely to get was very small comfort. I knew at least something of the sensations of the hunted fox.

THERE may be some disciples of Pythagoras who would say that in some other incarnation I had been a fox. At least, I had my moment of cunning, of inspiration, such as sometimes comes to the hunted beast. I was already almost overtaken when it came.

I swerved into one of the little garden gates, ran up the short path, grasped the knocker, and knocked loudly.

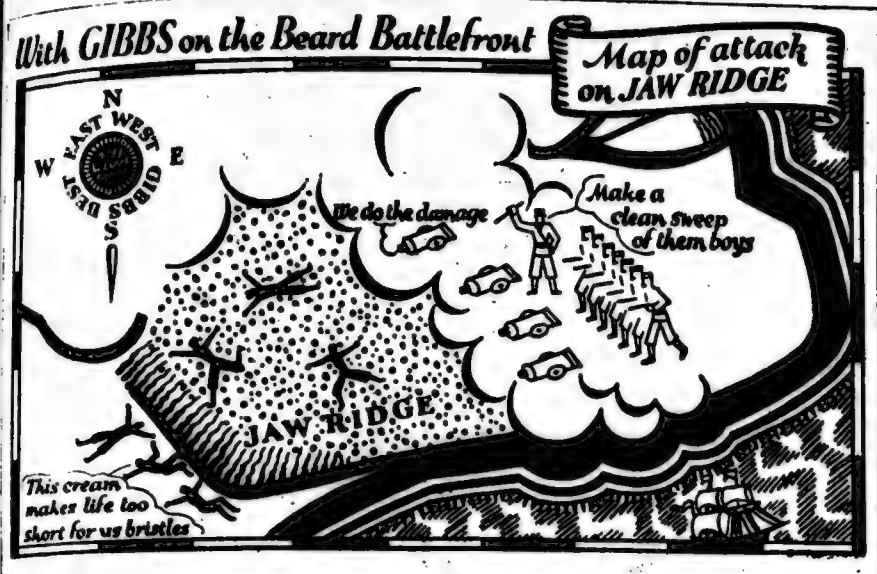
The move was so unexpected by my pursuers that I heard one of them slide on the pavement as he tried to stop himself.

I have already made a fiction story out of this incident, and at this point I went off at a tangent into the realms of romance.

What I am now about to relate is what actually happened. Here was I, a naughty and badly scared little boy, knocking at a strange door.

My pursuers effaced themselves without ceremony, but I did not know how near they might be lurking, and I was

(Continued on page 24)


With GIBBS on the Beard Battlefront
Map of attack on JAW RIDGE
N
W EAST WEST GIBBS BEST E
S
We do the damage
Make a clean sweep of them boys
JAW RIDGE
This cream makes life too short for us bristles

SHOCK CORPS OF GIBBS SHAVING CREAM LATHER MOPS UP BEARD

LATEST BULLETIN

JAW RIDGE, April 3rd. (8.17 *Pip Emma*

G.H.Q. got nervous over fortified Enemy position here and ordered night-push in force. The crack Gibbs Creamy Bubble Lather troops went over the top and mopped up the Bristle line with a lightning mass-bubble bomb attack. The private who used the N.C.O. as a stepping stone over the enemy wire has been invalided home.

* * * *

Even under the worst beard-battling conditions—cold water, hurry, flurry, blunt blades—Gibbs Shaving Cream annihilates whiskers with one swift swoop. Gibbs Creamy Lather gets the bristles in a soaking grip that leaves them limp. The mass-bubble formation holds each enfeebled hair erect for the reaping. Healing invisible nicks and abrasions.

The Cold Cream in Gibbs Shaving Cream heals, soothes, smooths, comforts—giving that glorious victorious feeling which marks the Gibbs shave.

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1/- and 1/6 per Tube
BRITISH MADE
Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Stick in the patent thumb-push holder, also gives the famous Gibbs Cold Cream Shave.
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Trial Tube and Trial Stick

G.H.Q. asks volunteers for Creamy Bubble Strafe Course. Officers taking are relieved of all heavy morning parade duties. Send your name and address and 3d. in stamps under cover of sealed envelope for munitions. You will be issued Trial Tube Gibbs Shaving Cream, Shavers, for the use of, one; and Trial Stick Gibbs Shaving Stick, ditto.

Indent to: D. & W. GIBBS LTD. (Dept. 54V), LONDON, E.1.

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For upwards of 40 years the Mead has been recognised as in the front rank of the world's best cycles. For long-lasting, easy running, Mead bicycles have no superiors and prices are so low as to be within the reach of everyone. "Pay as you please" easy terms from 2/6 down.

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A beautifully illustrated catalogue describing 20 different models is yours FREE. Send for a copy to-day.

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A new idea

WRIGLEY'S has found a new way to health and efficiency—relaxation of the nerves—momentary subconscious rest—relief of tension—the concentration of a freshened mind.

It's a fact. Your doctor will tell you that the act of chewing has a soothing effect on the nerves. It calms them—relaxes the whole nervous system. And complete nervous relaxation means rest for mind and body as well.

Wrigley's is also recommended by doctors and dentists because it cleanses the teeth and mouth as nothing else can. Taken after meals, Wrigley's aids digestion—removes all trace of eating, drinking or smoking—and sweetens the breath.

Health and efficiency demand the regular use of Wrigley's. In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

WRIGLEY'S

corns

and tired, aching feet banished by Radox.

Do you suffer from corns which defy plasters, caustics and "remedies"? Do your corns make standing a misery and walking a torture? If so, go *now* to your nearest chemist and invest eighteenpence in a packet of Radox Bath Salts. Pour a tablespoonful into a steaming foothath and keep your feet there for 15-20 minutes. Immediately you will feel relief. After a few footbaths your corns will slip out, root and all, without a twinge! Read this lady's letter:—

"I am a Waitress, and am obliged to remain on my feet for a number of hours. For six years I have suffered untold torture with corns and hard skin on the bottom of my feet. There is nothing I haven't tried to bring about relief, but all of no avail. About a month ago I was advised to try your Radox, and my feet are almost normal once again. I would never have believed that such results could be obtained in such a short space of time. I am confident that within another week or two I shall have forgotten that I ever had bad feet."

2/2/20.
Miss F.E.S., Birmingham.

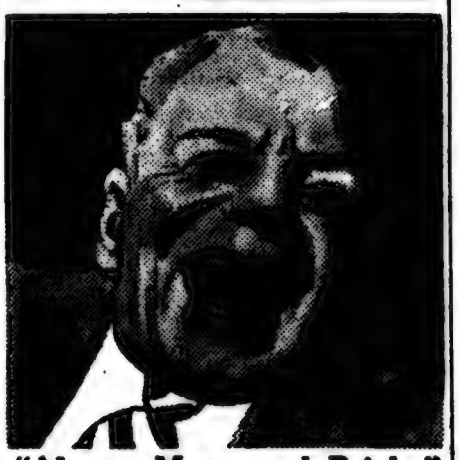
When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the roots of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts.

1/6
Half-pound Pink Packet.

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

Ask for Radox at your chemists, price 1/6 per half-pound Pink Packet, and 3/6 double quantity.



"Always Merry and Bright"

Now he takes the little daily dose

Always welcome, radiating optimism and compelling others to look on the bright side of things. And here's the recipe:—

"I am 58 years old, and previous to using Kruschen Salts I used to suffer a good deal from depression. I commenced taking Kruschen a few months ago, and soon found a big improvement all round, becoming more cheerful-minded and feeling better in every way. I am now on my second bottle, and the cheerfulness and 'will-to-do' carry me right through each day. Every winter hitherto I used to suffer from influenza, but this year I have escaped, and believe it is due to the continuance of the daily dose of Kruschen Salts."—*A.M., London, W.C.*

Kruschen is a perfect blend of those six natural salts which are vital to your bodily well-being. No single salt, such as Epsom or Glauber, can do what those six salts in Kruschen do. Prove this to your profit.

Tasteless in Tea.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Kruschen Salts cost 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 a bottle at any chemist's. A 1/9 bottle lasts over three months—less than a ½d. a day for eager, strenuous health. Get a bottle to-day, and "start the day right" from to-morrow. *It's the little daily dose that does it.*

"The Nice Kind Woman"—(Continued from page 22)

already badly out of breath, so, once having knocked, I dared not run away.

The door was opened to me by a woman in a neat cotton dress and an apron. She looked old to me, but she could not have been more than middle-aged, and middle-age appears old to a boy of nine.

She asked me what I wanted, and I told her that I had been chased by two big boys, and asked if I might come in and wait until I was sure they would be gone.

I don't want to draw on my imagination, but I seem to remember her gazing at me narrowly, and appraisingly, and presently she asked me who I was.

My father was fairly well known in the district, and when I had told her my name she invited me in. I was conducted into a stuffy front parlour, overloaded with furniture which was in turn overladen with ornaments—the kind of room which is used only on Sundays.

SHE made me sit down, and talked to me for a while. Her son, she said, who was about my own age, would soon be home from the National School.

I must stay and have tea with him, if I didn't mind having tea in the kitchen, after which it would be safe for me to go whenever I pleased. She was a nice kind woman.

Well, I waited, and presently her son arrived. He was the Charlie Johnson whose acquaintance I had already made. To cut the story as short as possible, I stayed and had tea with him, and afterwards spent some time playing with him in his back garden.

He had a variety of roughly constructed home-made toys which seemed, of course, vastly superior to my own.

After that, and having found out by this fortuitous chance where he lived, I took to calling for him on my way home from school and on half-holidays.

So far as my memory serves me, he was an entirely nice sort of boy, but a great deal of his charm may have sprung from the fact of my knowing that his acquaintanceship would have been forbidden me had authority learned what was going on.

THERE was never any question of his visiting my home. Snobbish? Well, of course it was, but if I wished to be regarded as having been a nice little boy I should not have embarked on this episode of my childhood.

I don't think there was a Mr. Johnson—I never saw him—and I have always had the impression that Mrs. Johnson was a widow, although whether I was ever told so I cannot remember.

If there were no Mr. Johnson I cannot even now guess how she made a living, although I know of one instance of how she augmented her means. She seemed poor, but by no means wretchedly poor.

My surreptitious friendship with Charlie continued for about two months. We used to ramble over the countryside together. I had more pocket-money than he, and am glad now to think that I returned the occasional hospitalities I received from his mother. Then came a black Saturday.

I called at his home. I still remember the road and the number, for I walked past the house not two years since and wondered who might be living in it then.

MRS. JOHNSON came to the door, and her manner was portentous. Charlie was out, but she wanted me to come inside. Indeed, she had something to say to me.

So I accompanied her into the stuffy front parlour, where she walked over to the mantelpiece and pointed to a space beside the marble clock.

"You were here on Wednesday," she said. "When you were here there was a ring lying in that place. We haven't seen it since."

I suppose I was a very dense child. At least, I had been so strictly brought up that it did not easily occur to me that I could be accused of stealing. I think I said that I was very sorry she'd lost it. Certainly I did not guess what was coming.

The woman had suddenly grown as hard and cold as a block of marble. Did I want to go to the policeman? Very well, then! The ring was worth five pounds. She must have the ring returned to her or else the five pounds.

I was dazed, stupefied. I hadn't got the ring? Well, that was *my* story. If I hadn't got it she must have the five pounds, or else I should go to the policeman.

HOW was I to get five pounds? She told me casually that my father was a rich man, and probably left money lying about. It was five pounds or else the policeman.

Now my father, although he may have seemed well-to-do to her, was by no means rich. He was, as his son ultimately became, a poor journalist. Five-pound notes must have been rare. And were not left lying about.

Had things been as she supposed, I might have been tempted to steal, such agonies of mind did I suffer during the ensuing few weeks.

Had I been a little older or a little more sensible I should have gone straight to my father and told him everything; and Mrs. Johnson would doubtless have had the pleasure of explaining her difficulties to the local Bench.

As it was, I dared do nothing. Apart from the disgrace, as I imagined, of the mere fact of being *accused* of stealing, the necessary explanations would have laid bare such a record of disobedience that I could not guess what would be said or done to me.

So I took the line of least resistance, and waited for the blow to fall, whichever way it would.

FOR weeks I lived in terror of the police. But it chanced that, in a sense, I did wisely, for, of course, nothing happened. Without the intention of doing so, I called the good lady's bluff.

Meanwhile, of course, I never went near the house and avoided Charlie Johnson. I was ashamed to meet him, because I thought he must believe me to be a thief.

The worry and anxiety undermined my health, and the old family doctor who had ushered me into the world thought that the air was disagreeing with me, and that I had better be sent off to boarding-school.

Accordingly, I was sent, but before I went I met Mrs. Johnson, who was shopping in the High Street one Saturday evening. I had regained confidence by that time, and I went up to her, and asked her if she had found her ring. She seemed angry and very agitated.

"Oh, that's all right, that's all right," she said, quickly, and brushed past me.

During my first term at school my parents moved and our home was transferred to Berkshire. I did not revisit my native town until I was grown-up, and I have not seen the Johnsons in the last twenty-and-something years.

* * *

And now for the sequel. Towards the end of the war, I arrived at the London Command Depot camp at Shoreham. There were several thousands of us there, all convalescent from wounds or sickness incurred overseas.

One evening I found myself drinking beer alone in the "Crown and Anchor." There was a lance-corporal, also alone, standing at the counter with me.

Like me, he belonged to a London Territorial unit, but I was in the Artists and he was in the L.R.B.

We began to talk. I forget how the conversation drifted, but I know that one of us mentioned my native town, and he immediately told me that he also had been born there.

WE exchanged names. I didn't remember his at first, but he vaguely remembered mine, and then we discovered that we had been at the same school—the school kept by the severe old lady—and slowly we remembered and recognised each other.

We met for several evenings afterwards and recalled old happenings.

The war ended in the November of that year, and we were both free of the Army by the end of February. I had given him my address, and shortly after I was demobilised I had a letter from him inviting me to come and dine at his people's house in a London suburb. I went.

Smith's father—I shall call him Smith for the purposes of this narrative—had known mine, and grew reminiscent of the days of (then) some twenty years ago.

Among many tales, he told one about how he had lost his gold watch. He had left it on his dressing-table after the house was shut up for the night, and had missed it next morning.

NOBODY had broken in, and only the members of his family seemed to have had access to it, yet he had never seen it since.

Mrs. Smith here chimed in to say that she believed her husband had had his pocket picked outside, and that he had never put his watch down on the dressing-table at all. A semi-humorous argument arose, and slowly the subject was shelved.

The old people went to bed fairly early, but I lingered on to talk to young Smith.

"The poor old pater and his watch!" he said. "I haven't the face to tell him to this day. I believe it would break his heart. As a matter of fact, I stole it."

I said nothing.

"I was in a blue funk," he went on to explain, "and I was only a little kid. I think it was just after you left school. I was mooching along one half-holiday, and I overtook a woman carrying a lot of parcels.

"Being a polite lad, I offered to help her, and when we reached her house she insisted on my coming in.

"Wanted me to meet her son, who turned out to be quite a decent kid. I took to going there off and on to play with him, and one fine day the old geezer rounded on me and accused me of having pinched a watch. She wanted £5, or she was going to hand me over to the police, she said."

IMAGINE how I pricked up my ears.

"Well," he continued. "I was pretty well paralysed with funk. I couldn't possibly get hold of five pounds, so, to keep her quiet, I pinched my father's gold hunter, and handed that over to her instead. Of course, if I'd been older, and had any sense, I should have seen that it was the most awful ramp——"

I interrupted him, grinning.

"So you've been through Mrs. Johnson's hands, too?" I said.

"Mrs. Johnson!" he echoed, staring at me.

And then I told him the name of the road and the number of the house in which Mrs. Johnson used to live.

NEXT WEEK:

"THE MAN HE HATED"

A Real Life Story by

VICTOR MACCLURE

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Clean taste

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BRITISH MADE

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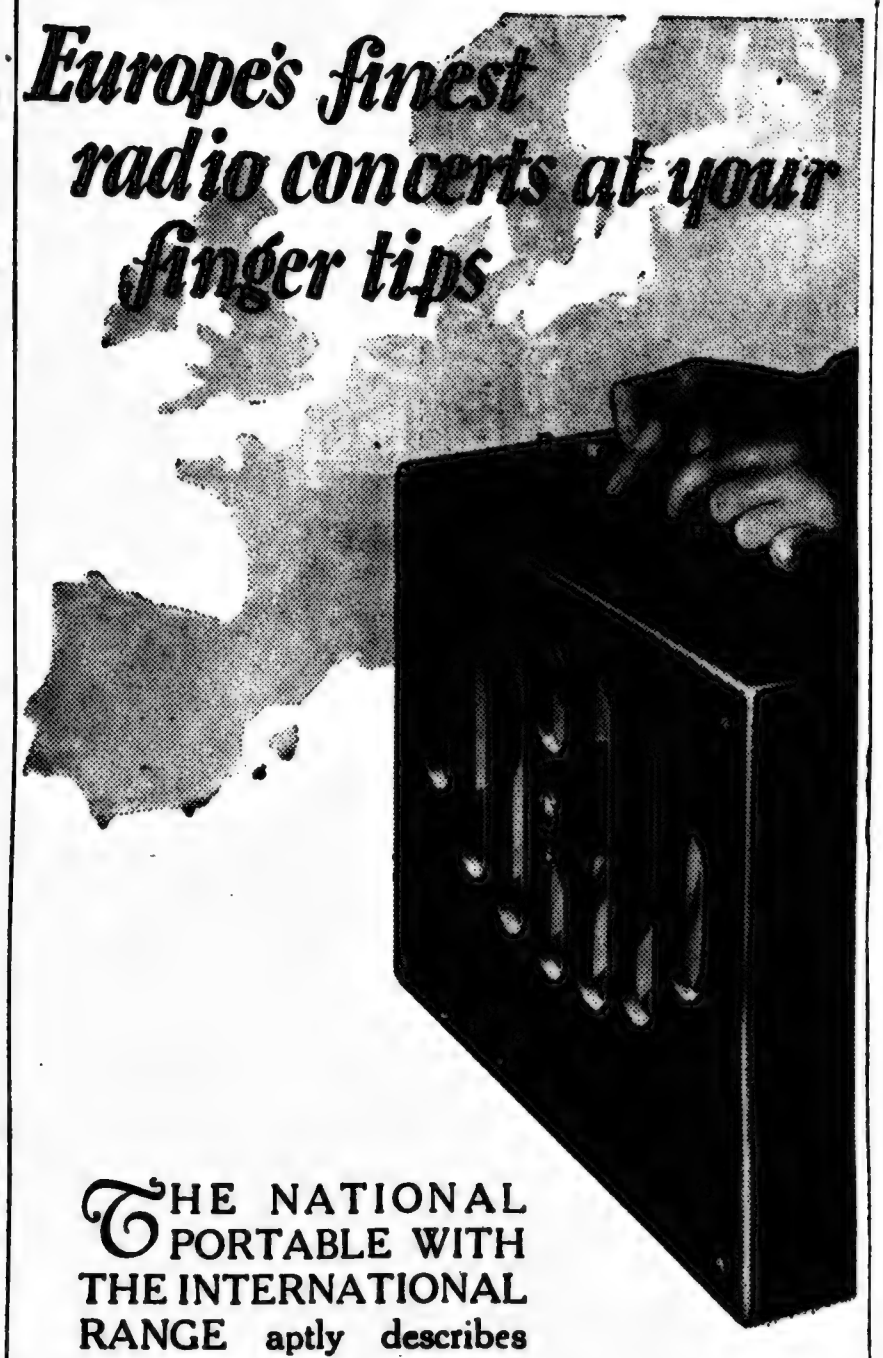

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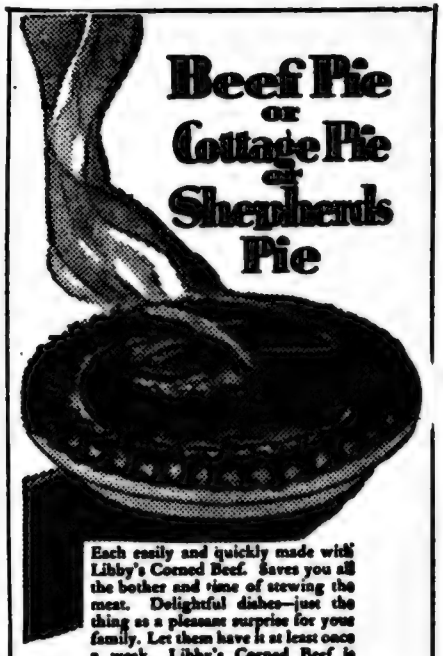

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Packed in 12-oz. and 24-oz Tins for Family Use.

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6/6 WITH ORDER.

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Furtive BANKNOTES RUSTLE

as they pass from hand to hand

A word is whispered, crisp notes pass, and another dirty deal goes through

IN the United States they are embarking on a smashing campaign to purge the country of bribery and corruption. President Herbert Hoover, bringing fresh vigour, verve and ideals to the White House, has not minced his words.

Corruption, he declares, is nothing more nor less than treason to the State; it must be stamped out.

That is more than a message to America. It is a message to the world.

It should ring as clarion clear in this country as any other, for while our politics may be clean, there are trade and commercial and business circles in England as riddled with bribery and corruption as is a boot with lace-holes.

Malignant canker

We talk about it enough, but what do we do about it? The Act of 1906, although not altogether useless, is inadequate. The truth about the evil should be rammed home to the man in the street until he spurns it like the plague that it is.

Just listen to what the judges say about it. It is a matter of national importance, said the late Mr. Justice Coleridge; a shocking crime, says Mr. Justice Horridge; one of the most serious things known to our land, declares Mr. Justice Sankey; a malignant canker of the worst kind, avows the Lord Chief Justice. Others say the same. They realise all too well the prevalence of the evil and the magnitude of the menace.

In this country it has no beginning and no end. There are few occupations in which it does not flourish. The grocer is often as guilty as the garage proprietor.

The employee is no more immune from the taint than his employer. Integrity is sold for from sixpence to sixty thousand sixpences.

It is impossible to glean from the cases heard under the Prevention of Corruption Act of 1907 a true aspect of the problem.

But, nevertheless, the variety of occupations represented among the defendants during the last few years is illuminating, and serves to prove the widespread growth of the canker.

There was a timber merchant, commercial travellers, a stockbroker, a jeweller, a waste-paper inspector, a farm bailiff, a poulterer, a time-recorder, a secretary, an estate agent, a works chemist, a cattle-dealer, a wine-merchant, even a miner.

An amazing variety of occupations, humble and otherwise, is represented.

Among the cases heard last year there was again significant variety.

There was a secretary (a town councillor) who offered bribes to the clerk of a firm of motor-car dealers for trade secrets; a wine merchant offering commission to the waiters at an hotel; an Air Ministry clerk who attempted to obtain £100 for giving information about tenders; a grocer offering money to a Manchester Corporation official to obtain a post as rat-catcher. These are typical.

It is, we feel, bribery in a small way that is the real evil to be stamped out. It will be accomplished more by an appeal to national and individual conscience than by the process of law.

Why are bribes offered and given? The reasons are legion. They are given for the purpose of obtaining salaried positions. They are given to secure hotel orders and shop orders and club orders.

They are given to have inferior goods passed and wrong weight overlooked; to obtain trade secrets, the names of a rival's customers, to push an invention, to settle an inflated fire claim.

"Squaring" footballers

Bribes are offered for the first news of fires and street accidents, so that the briber may be the first to offer his professional services.

They are offered for false receipts, invoices and accounts, to prevent absentee workmen being reported, to get unhealthy emigrants medically passed—even to "square" football matches.

In many cases those who ask for bribes are guilty of nothing more nor less than common blackmail, for there are those weak enough to pay, thinking that if they refuse a less-scrupulous rival will pay to their disadvantage.

That is the sort of thing that is going on. It is going on so successfully that for every man who enters the dock there are hundreds who should share the same fate.

Lord Inchcape has denounced bribery —not once, but again and again.

Listen to what was said by the late Lord Lambourne, for many years president of the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League.

Lord Lambourne's ruling passion was flowers. He said sadly: "I thought there could not be a crime connected with a flower, but I am afraid I was mistaken." He was.

He himself once received a deputation of nurserymen, who stated that they had lost trade worth thousands a year because they would not give gifts to gardeners.

Last year the council of the Royal Horticultural Society received a similar deputation when it was declared that bribery was more widespread than ever.

So that it can be seen that the evil has even eaten its way into the garden.

In the hotel and restaurant world we have discovered, the system of bribery exists on an intensive and calculated scale.

There are chefs making over £1,000 a year from the supply firms, with the result that, not only the quality, but the quantity of the food supplied suffers. Subordinates are, in turn, bribed by the chef.

But as great offenders as any are the business men who regard secret commissions (a nice name for bribes) as a necessary evil. That is the sloppy-thinking, greedy, grasping philosophy that is at the root of it all. That is why the most humble calling is contaminated.

Bribery is treason

The Act will not destroy that. It is, as Lord Ebbisham, ex-Lord Mayor of London, has said, more a question of time and the education of public opinion, a long and troublesome process.

That great moulder of character, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, shares that view.

The prevalence of bribery, he says, proves the necessity for a better education in sense of honour among the young people till it becomes part of their character. Prevention rather than repression should be the aim.

We are still a nation of shopkeepers, and we should strive to be honest shopkeepers. The mountain of corruption must be pulled down.

Both the giving and taking of bribes is a disease that eats into the soul of a nation. It warps morals, undermines honest trade, and is, as President Hoover has declared, treason to the State.

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for 30 coupons . . . B D.V.'s newest and most splendid record, surpassing even their own previous best. You can now get, once a fortnight, a free record . . . a 'Dominion' . . . electrically recorded. The latest numbers played by the best bands. For less than half the coupons asked in other Gift Schemes.

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I Think of What You Used to Think of Me
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And scores of others. Better records for less coupons. Send for the latest list or ask your music dealer for it.

CHANGE TO B.D.V — TO-DAY

spots!

Removed Like Magic.

Why go about feeling miserable because your face is always coming out in spots? Wex will clear them all away in a few days, and benefit your health at the same time, so that you gain a clear complexion and good health and spirits, simply by taking a refreshing drink of Wex every morning. Read this lady's letter:—

"Since taking Wex I am pleased to say my spots and blemishes have been removed like magic and no fresh spots have appeared on my face. I have not kept the secret to myself, but have advised my friends to take this health-restoring drink, for I must add I feel better in health and have also lost that tired feeling one has on waking up."

Miss F. H. A. (Hull).
February 9th, 1929.

Why Wex Removes Spots.

Spots are caused by thickening of the bile, which in turn hinders the liver from performing its function. Wex goes to the root of the matter, assisting Nature by thinning the bile so that the system is cleared of impurities. Then spots disappear and life becomes a pleasure. Wex Grape Saline makes a sparkling morning drink. You take one teaspoonful in half-a-glass of water on rising. Wex is sold by over 7,000 chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White Co., Ltd., at 1/6 per bottle, 2/6 double quantity. Made by E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd. (Established 1756), Manchester.

Mr. Garner Jones, 258, Binns Road, Old Swan, Liverpool. All-round Athlete and Winner of All-England 10-mile Walk.

"Relief is Belief"

In the grip of rheumatism ... found complete relief in Clarke's Blood Mixture. To other sufferers he recommends the remedy that has been famous as a Blood purifier for 70 years. He *tried* it and proved its worth. Benefit by his experience. Just as good for Abscesses, Swollen Glands, Ulcers, Piles, Eczema, and Eruptions as it is for Rheumatism and Gout.

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Clarke's Blood Mixture

When outward application is also required Use CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE.

PARENTHOOD:

DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?

A Manual of

Birth Control

By MICHAEL FIELDING

Preface by **H. G. WELLS** *Five Diagrams*

"Sounder, more lucid and more likely to be of practical value to the average married couple than anything I have seen."—*Saturday Review.*

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. in 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.

The Labour Publishing Co., Ltd. Dept. JB.29 38, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

You must not sleep out of doors in London; but if you have nowhere to go, what can you do?

Have You Seen this NIGHT CLUB?

No White Waistcoats No Closing Hours

YOU must not sleep out of doors in London; the policeman will move you on. Where can he move you to if you are "broke," and it is late and cold and you have nowhere to go?

He will send you to a little office that remains open in the chill small hours under the shadow of Hungerford Bridge—that is rightly hermetically sealed to Press and to the public.

When the half-starved, workless man gets his ticket of admittance to the "Night Office" of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, he is one of the 14,000 or so who enter that little office yearly.

This is not a charitable institution. It is the right of the destitute of the district to claim admittance. Many famous "homes" and charitable agencies have given their co-operation, but this is essentially an official place.

And yet there are no police on duty inside. They are within call in case of a "rough house," but are seldom needed.

One by one this strange assortment of apparent mental, moral or physical derelicts is called into the inner office.

There is, first, the ex-officer type or the unemployed clerk, painfully conscious that he is "down and out."

There is the scared provincial youth who has tramped to town in search of work.

There is the hard-bitten regular vagrant; the incurable "bad hat"; the elderly lady with the taste for a drop, lately indulged in rather rashly, but not sufficiently to make her incoherent—merely prone to badinage.

Varied types

There is the perfect butler type. Something—of which the superintendent alone will presently hear—is the cause of his downfall.

Then the ex-sergeant-major, complete with medals and scrupulously tidy, with the bitterly defiant eyes and mouth of the man whom the world has so often let down. . . .

There are, in fact, all types; together, they make the world of the down-and-outs in miniature. And one by one they are called before the superintendent.

The office is small and is furnished with the usual equipment. Besides the superintendent himself, there is his assistant.

It is the most difficult place in the world in which to "swing the lead," for what the card index does not remember, the man in charge of it does.

Men and women bearing great and famous names have passed through this little office, though their stories and the cause of their misfortunes and—so often!—their equally amazing recoveries are known only to the superintendent and his filing system.

An elderly man, with a curious assortment of garments and a derelict hat, shambles in first. He is a "regular." His life has been passed in various of His Majesty's establishments because of a sequence of pecuniary lapses. In the lucid intervals, he visits his friends here. They still hope to help, and perhaps by the time this article is in print he may have ceased to sponge on His Majesty.

Next, the ex-officer. The superintendent eyes him keenly, and carefully

A trio of homeless men on the Embankment. A stone's-throw away is an institution that exists to help them

goes through the various identifying papers he is handed.

In a low voice the story comes out. He has tried, God knows he has tried, to get work—and now, everything exhausted, he is at the end of his tether.

What used he to do? He replies with a list of the jobs, from schoolmastering to selling cars, that he has done during the last ten years.

He is given a note to the head of a famous hostel—a note that will get him a talk with one of the most practically helpful of men. He will also get a bed and food, and usually free board and lodging, until he is fitted with a job, to say nothing of an advance to give him the tools or the clothes that he may need to start afresh.

The "lead-swinger"

Then there comes that strange phenomenon the man who insists on spoiling his own chance of help by inventing some quite easily demolished "yarn" about his career.

Perhaps he claims the Military Medal and a generous assortment of less-known foreign decorations.

And then misfortune after misfortune is alleged to have damaged his repeated great chances of success.

The superintendent listens without a word, and then cocks an eyebrow at his assistant, who replies quietly:

"Really James X——, in here in June, 1926, as William Smith, and again in 1927, April and October, as Eddie Brown, and last year again. . . . Been a gasfitter's mate with very good character, but lost his job through drink, and been in and out of jobs ever since; nothing else against him, except these yarns. . . ."

The superintendent gives the young man a talking to. This time it is really his last chance. And he packs him off, with a brief note, to the home of a famous religious body, which is amazingly successful in helping a man if there is the slightest redeemable trait left in him. And probably Jimmy X—— makes good.

Kindly police

But the persistent malingerer is despatched to the workhouse casual ward. There is no power to force acceptance of the help offered in this little office, and it sometimes happens that a real "bad hat" goes away unsatisfied and refuses to find his way to the workhouse for the night.

He had hopes of "swinging the lead," with such success that he would be given a card to one of the really excellent "homes" which place beds at the disposal of the "Night Office" officials.

It is very rarely that the real "bad hat" gets past the tactful, deadly questioning in the office.

Then there are the pathetic cases—the governess whom nobody wants or ever will want again. The kindly police take her to the ambulance that is sent to take her to the "home" that can help, for if the destination be far and the applicant a woman she can command an ambulance.

There is also the quiet, sad man, who is a scholar of parts, and who is found later in the bed that receives him, reading the classics with evident enjoyment.

A heart of gold

There is the charlady of intemperate habits and an incorrigibly kind heart. She is cold and ill, and at the end of her thoroughly impaired strength.

But she has with her her friend Liz. Liz must be attended to first—she wants to go in and explain, for she's got something to tell the gentleman.

They let her go in, and Liz, a pale wisp of a little scared woman, lingers with the few remaining applicants in the waiting-room.

Her friend meanwhile (and one can hear her through the closed door) enlightens the superintendent. She speaks freely and with no false shame. She tells him quite a lot of reasons why Liz must not go to a casual ward.

The fuddled brain still registers the common-sense of the kindly old heart, and the official promises to see Liz at once and do what he can.

The triumphant char emerges; she beckons Liz into the office, and she tells the world: "Come on, Liz, me dearie; I told him all abaht yer—*everything*. . . . 'E knows all abaht yer. . . ."

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To the accurate timekeeping service for which Ingersoll Alarm Clocks are renowned is added the Radiolite dial. The service is doubled because the Radiolite dial shows the time in the dark as plainly as in the light. Ingersoll Radiolite alarm clocks are ideal for any bedroom. The alarm rings pleasantly yet is sufficiently insistent to rouse the heaviest sleeper. The Ingersoll Pilgrim (as illustrated) is the cheapest Radiolite obtainable. Price 10/6.

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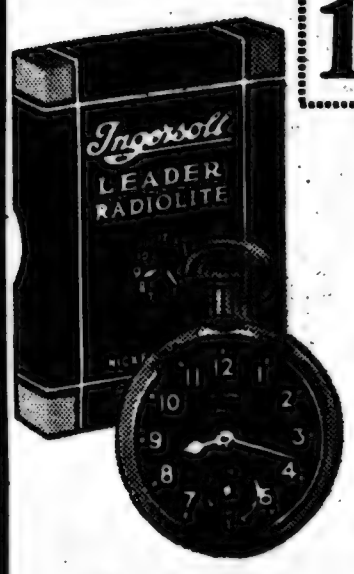

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Like all Ingersolls it is guaranteed and gives a timekeeping service upon which you can depend. Other Ingersoll Radiolite Watches up to 75/-

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6/- Monthly or Cash Price

£3-19-6 *CARRIAGE PAID* in England and Wales.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

All Black or Plated Finish.

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Specification includes:

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MEN'S	WOMEN'S
SINGLE SPEED. £3 19 6.- 6/- Monthly	SINGLE SPEED. £4 6 0.—6/6 Monthly
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Write To-day for Catalogue "W" Post Free

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to remember

Feel your chin at 4 p.m.

Now, if you had had a genuine Gillette blade this morning your chin wouldn't be feeling like that.

Buy a packet on the way home and notice the absence of stubble at 4 p.m. to-morrow.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

BUY A PACKET TO-DAY— FOR A BETTER SHAVE TO-MORROW

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Two extra to-day baker

It's like offering a bun to a bear to expect one Currant Loaf to satisfy the Sinclair family at tea-time—they all have such appetites for Currant Bread. After all, it's false economy to be sparing with such a wholesome and delicious treat. Let all the family eat as much Currant Bread as they can, but always insist on *real* Currants because *real* Currants contain the greatest food value of all dried fruits.

Make

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CENTRAL CURRANT OFFICE (LONDON) ADVT. DEPT. NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.4.

Insurance without Cost

£250 Insurance Coupon FREE

With every Dress or Coat Purchase of the individual value of 10/- or over John Noble's present a Free Insurance Coupon carrying credits of £250 in the case of Death, or £1 per week in the event of disablement through accident.

The GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED!

Model 21728. This smart Tailor Built Coat, cut on the newest semi-fitting lines in one of the latest Tweed Suitings. Good style, six button D.B. front, welted pockets, and tailored collar. Lined throughout with Artificial Silk and made in mixtures of Cedar, Chocolate, and pretty Brown Heather. Sizes: 34, 36 and 38 in. busts: 38, 40, 42 & 44 in. lengths from neck to hem at back. Price, only **12/9**

FREE! *John Noble's New Spring Catalogue of Bargains now ready. Send for a copy to-day.*

Post your Order To-day! **John Noble Ltd** (Dept. 55) **Manchester** John Noble Pays Postage

A PARADISE for PUNTERS

by SIR REGINALD BLAIR

(whom "Jix" appointed chairman of the Betting Control Board last August)

THEY'RE off! Sleek and swift; stout of heart and nerve and sinew, they thunder up the track. The crowds surge; the cheers soar.

It is a thrill that is specially British. It is the national sport, and it is time that it was properly nationalised!

And by that I mean that it is time that the man in the street saw the races on the racecourse as well as the results in the evening papers.

Judging from the multitude that is ingrained with the love of a good horse and of the thousands that enjoy a modest bet, it would be logical to presume that the whole nation has had a hand in the upkeep and regulation of racing.

It would be logical, but it would be wrong, for, as a matter of fact, the very existence of the sport has depended upon a relatively small number of people.

The running of horses has been left to these owners, and the provision and upkeep of racecourses has been left to the racecourse owners, whether private individuals or limited companies, while the Jockey Club has exercised an invaluable control over the whole organisation.

THE great general public has kept at a distance, satisfied with the thrills of the actual race in their imaginations and with the published results—in fact, the attendance at any ordinary race-meeting is out of all proportion to the hundreds of thousands who actually share the pleasures of it.

Consequently, the "gate" money paid at racecourses has not been sufficient to permit of the many improvements that the racecourse owners would desire to see brought about.

Year by year the position of racing has grown steadily more difficult. Any regular racegoer will tell you that the burden of the owners of horses has become a progressively heavy one, and that the problems of those who own the courses have also expanded.

Instead of the sport being a great national undertaking in actuality as well as spirit, with everyone interested doing his or her bit to add to its prosperity, we have the anomalous position of a comparatively few people providing the means for an enormous number of others to indulge in the pastime of "spotting the winner."

NOR was the position of racing improved by the imposition of the betting-tax, without any compensating contribution being made to the maintenance of racecourses, horse-breeding and the business side of racing generally.

Little wonder is it that those who believe in the value of racing as a means of maintaining the standard of British thoroughbred stock have expressed strong disapproval.

They hold that it is unreasonable to take the tax and give no support to those who made the tax possible—the good old "patrons of the Turf."

They pointed out that in other countries where a betting-tax was levied a percentage of the sum received was devoted to the betterment of racing. On the French racecourses, for instance, 4 per cent. of the pool is given to the course.

"Yes," was the reply, "but in France they have a totalisator." "And why not the 'tote' here?" was the reply, with the result that, after many vicissitudes, the Racecourse Betting Act was passed last July.

The resultant Racecourse Betting Control Board arrived, with the object of installing the totalisator, if required, and with firm instructions regarding the division of the surplus to be secured by its working between racecourse owners, for the general purpose of bettering the conditions of racing and the improvement of thoroughbred stock.

EXACTLY as it should be! It means that those who want to bet help those who make the betting possible by breeding, training and running horses on the racecourses provided by the racecourse owners.

But from this it must not be gathered that the Control Board is out to put the bookmaker out of business. On the contrary, it is charged with the definite duty of seeing that he is properly accommodated.

It seems to me that no reasonable person will protest against the deduction of a small percentage of the takings of the "tote" for the improvement of racecourses, the reduction of admission charges, and the lowering of the cost of racing to those who enter and run their horses, in addition to the highly important national work of maintaining the supremacy of the British thoroughbred.

That is what I consider a bold move towards nationalising the national sport.

There is no reason why we should not have just as cheap and just as comfortable racing here in this country as they have on the Continent and in some of the Dominions.

Good accommodation means somewhere to sit in comfort; somewhere to watch the racing in comfort; modest entrance charges and reasonable prices for refreshments; and proper and up-to-date toilet arrangements.

LISTEN to this! At a recent meeting at Longchamps, more than 43,000 people came to the course, and of this total 30,000 did not pay more than sixpence for admission.

They each enjoyed special rail facilities, charming gardens, and all the pleasures of a day in the country.

That is what we want in this country.

We want our racecourses to be places where a man can take his wife and family, and, if he chooses, bet like a gentleman on the course, and not like something approaching a suspect at the street-corner or in a public-house, or, like a robot, on the telephone.

The love of a good horse is not, after all, the peculiar possession of rich men and men known as professional racegoers.

It is not prejudice that drives so many from our racecourses. It is the arrangements and accommodation. Law-abiding, sport-loving citizens will flock there when things improve.

That is the secret of the totalisator. There is nothing sinister or mysterious about it. It is the servant of the sportsman and the servant of the sport.

The Betting Control Board has every confidence that the "tote" will provide a fund sufficient to render valuable assistance not only to horse-racing but to improving the standard of British horseflesh.

And as a nation of horse-lovers and sportsmen we shall applaud.

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Wonderful Pill With 15 Ingredients For Liver, Stomach & Bowels.

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Family medicine knows no greater success than Bile Beans. The reason is a formula on original lines designed to copy Nature's own way for preserving the balance of health. The formula is a highly complex one and includes no fewer than fifteen vegetable extracts. These extracts in Bile Beans are ingeniously blended in tiny quantities so as to influence gently, just as needed, different parts of the system. The result is not mere relief, but lasting cure.

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As a Spring tonic and remedy for indigestion, biliousness, wind, constipation, piles, sick headache, liver trouble, dizziness, palpitation, anæmia, debility, etc., Bile Beans have had 30 years' continuous success. All chemists sell Bile Beans in sealed boxes. One-and-three size (increased to 40 Bile Beans); three shillings size (now 100 Bile Beans).

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The outstanding excellence of this natural remedy can only be appreciated by an actual test. Therefore we will send you absolutely free, a sample box on receipt of a post card (stamped 1d.) with your name and address. Address to Bile Beans Depot, Leeds, and mention "John Bull," 6/4/29.

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From a photograph of Mr. C. A. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

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She was

SAVED *by his* CHIVALRY

"Humanist" says she must not shame him to gain a lover's wealth.

HAVING lost my fiancé in the early days of the war, I felt that I didn't care what happened; whether I lived or died. But while in this mood I formed a friendship with a young officer who was billeted next door to my home.

We went much further in our behaviour than we ought to have done, and for the very sufficient reason that he was already married. He went away, and I was left to pay the penalty alone.

About this time an old friend of my dead fiancé came home, and he guessed that more than sorrow for my sweetheart's loss was now troubling me.

At last I broke down and acquainted him with my dreadful secret. Then he did a really noble thing. He persuaded me to marry him at once in order to cover my shame.

We have lived together happily ever since, and my husband has been wonderfully good to my little girl. But we have no children of our marriage, which has always troubled my husband.

Now since we moved to this house, which we are sharing with another family, we have become acquainted with the daughter of the house, and it is clear to me that she and my husband care for each other very deeply.

I do not feel jealous, but I am conscience-stricken that my husband's chivalrous action should have brought him to this pass. He married for chivalry, but now he loves.

Quite recently, too, another actor entered this tangled drama. My daughter's father has returned from Canada, a widower. He tells me that, being childless, he is anxious to find an heir.

He has become wealthy, and will make his will in favour of my daughter if I can assure him that she really is his.

In addition, I know that if I told him I want to set my husband free he would take both myself and my daughter into his life.

What shall I do? I know that, although I should be doing wrong, my husband would be pleased later.

"HUMANIST" says: What you really mean is that your errant fancy is straying again, and you want to go to this man because you find he has money. Don't expect me to approve of changing life-partners like old shoes.

There are better things than money to give a child, and one is good example. Keep your husband and be thankful he is making a good home for your child, where loose-living of the kind you propose is unthinkable.

RESTITUTION

without risk

MANY years ago I was employed as a junior clerk by a very large City firm. I was fond of my work, and tried to do it intelligently. My employers were wonderfully kind, and I know they liked me, for hints were thrown out that as soon as a chance occurred I should be given promotion.

Other employees in better positions than myself also noticed me, and invitations began to come my way. One of these was from a gay young fellow, fond of lively company. Through him I got in with a really fast set.

I began to spend every bit of my leisure time at dance-halls or drinking and dancing parties, and went with them to race-meetings.

The one bitter pill for me was that everyone seemed to have plenty of money, while I had to strain my slender resources to the utmost.

At last, chance put a big temptation in my way. I found myself in the position to help myself to a large sum of money belonging to my employers with no great risk of being immediately found out. I took the money and spent most of it in two days in a bout of regal entertaining.

Afterwards, attacked by acute fear of arrest, I fled. I saw in the newspapers that an attempt had been made to trace me. That is my one and only slip.

In course of time, in another great city, I secured fresh employment, and again I worked hard and secured appreciation.

But this time I did not ruin my chances; I saved money and in due course married. Now I have my own business, a good house, children, and an unsullied reputation in the locality.

When I fled I changed my name. I married under a false name. My children bear a false name. Should I ever tell them?

Conscience whispers that I should make restitution to my old employers and ask their pardon.

Can I do it without exposure, shame and the ruin of all I love? Can I pay my full debt to justice, even facing prison, without injuring my wife and the fair name that means everything to my children on the threshold of their careers?

"HUMANIST" says: No, you cannot—more's the pity. As no property rights are involved, allow your wife and children to enjoy the name that is respected rather than suddenly saddle them with the one you disgraced.

But you must at once return the stolen money with interest. For the sake of your family, your old employers will respect your secret.

A God-Send

"MY kiddies ain't got no boots to their feet—nor no clothes to their backs."

"We can't afford the nourishments wot the doctor orders."

"I've tramped miles and miles and can't get no job."

"A little help would be a god-send to me and the missus and the kiddies."

These are the cries of the unemployed ringing daily in the ears of "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund.

Will you be a god-send to us by subscribing generously to the fund and enable us to be god-sends to them? (See p. 5.)

MUST SHE SHIELD

her thief of a brother?

I AM a single, motherless girl, living with my father and brother. I have an elder brother, away from home, who earns good pay.

For several months he has sent money home for me to put by for him. I have done so until it mounted up to £20, which I kept in a small box beneath my bed.

One day I was horror-stricken to discover this box completely empty. I did not know what to think, until I remembered how queer my younger brother had seemed in his manner lately.

I taxed him with the theft, and after a bit of bluster he admitted it. It seems he had run into debt and took the money to pay it. He promised to pay it back weekly, but has not done so.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE are some Problems of Life sent by readers and dealt with by "Humanist." Now or later you will be confronted with a problem which may trouble you. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

Now my elder brother is coming home, and dad, to whom I confided my trouble, wants me to shoulder the blame, making up a story that jointly we have "borrowed" the money to cover a temporary difficulty.

He fears what my elder brother will do to the younger if he knows the real truth. Shall I fall in with dad's wishes?

"HUMANIST" says: No; you will do your younger brother a sad injury if you allow him to turn thief with impunity.

In any case, you are to blame, for if you had been sensible and put the money into the Post Office Savings Bank, it would have been safe instead of being flung into the youngster's path as a temptation.

THE "OTHER WOMAN"

blackmails a scoundrel

TWO years ago, after a spell of unemployment, I set out, leaving my wife and children behind, to seek a job. I was lucky to find one about sixty miles from home.

Here I lived as a single man, and when I met a pretty young woman who showed clearly that she had taken a great fancy to me, I responded to her advances.

Trade slackened, and I, the newcomer, was one of the first to be paid off. So, not being able to send any money home to my wife, I ceased writing to her altogether.

Worse still followed. The young woman with whom I had been infatuated gave birth to a child, of which she swore I was the father. So I set off still further afield to find work.

Soon afterwards I met a friend who knew of my trouble.

He told me awful facts, all of which he was able to substantiate. It appears that the girl with whom I had consorted had quite soon lost her baby child by death.

She was well known as a schemer, a fraud, always lying in wait to rang men and get them into trouble.

Disgusted, I returned to my wife, but was promptly arrested and sent to prison for three months for deserting her.

I came out fully repentant, when who should turn up but the rang. She has another child with her, and says if I will let her stay at our house a week or two while she has time to look around she will keep our secret, but if not she will go straightway and tell my wife all.

What am I to do? Am I to commit the sin of having these two women, one innocent and the other guilty, both under one roof? Or am I to risk losing for good and all my new-found bliss with my own wife?

"HUMANIST" says: You don't deserve any bliss. You are an unmitigated scoundrel who used your wife's implicit trust in you merely to deceive her.

Whether you invite your late paramour to your home or not, your wife is bound to discover the truth.

I am sorry for her, but you richly deserve all the misery such disclosure will bring you.

BAGGY EYES SALLOW SKIN TIRED OUT

Does your face reveal tell-tale secrets of hidden health troubles?

"Good gracious, how ill you look! What's the matter?"

"I don't know. I feel wretched, ache in every limb. It feels like rheumatism or lumbago; the pain keeps me awake at night and it's just torture to work through the day."

How many times do you hear a conversation such as this? Hundreds. When baggy eyes, sallow skin, chronic pain in the back, loss of vigour affect you, it is practically certain that kidney trouble is the cause. It is no use doping the system with heart-exciting drugs. The only possible means of ending your trouble is to cleanse the blood of the pain-giving poisons, and that is a function that the kidneys must carry out.

Without making any extravagant claims, but on the evidence of thousands of one-time chronic sufferers now restored to health, we do confidently suggest that you cannot do better than start at once a short course with the 40-years-old remedy—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. From the very first dose, in 24 hours, you will see they have acted on the kidneys. Persevere, your rheumatism, lumbago, backache will end and you will feel and look years younger.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills cost but 3/-. Your chemist can tell you all about the prescription from which this remedy is made. It is clearly printed on each box sold. He will tell you also about our "satisfaction or money back" guarantee. Why feel and look old when "De Witt's" will end your suffering? Go to your chemist now, ask for, and see you get—

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

ITCHY RASH Over Her Face

"A dreadful rash broke out on my chin, forehead and both cheeks," says Mrs. M. Wilkin, of 119, Quebec Road, Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich. "The burning itching sensation was sometimes well-nigh unbearable. I was so ashamed of my disfigurement I didn't like mixing with my friends. The numerous remedies I tried were useless, but one lucky day I gave Zam-Buk a trial. It allayed the pain and itching beautifully. Within a week of starting with Zam-Buk the rash was cured and my skin is to-day clear and healthy. I wouldn't be without Zam-Buk now."

FREE! Address penny postcard to Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds, for free samples of Zam-Buk Balm & Medicinal Soaps. Mention J.B.6/4/29

If it didn't win, change your source of information. Consult the "Sporting Life," daily—2d.

FREE

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and the opportunity of winning one of these

PRIZES

THIS SPRING, the makers of Robbialac Enamel and Brushing Robbialoid again ask you to accept their novel and attractive gift—a set of your own initials in rich English Gold.

These handsome initials take the convenient form of special transfers, simple to affix and worthy to decorate your cycle, tennis racquet, attaché case, the doors of a car or anything that calls for identification and deserves embellishment. They are quite free; your acceptance entails no obligation whatsoever—but *may make you the winner of a car this season.*

With your Gold Initials, you will receive a Colour Chart and Entry Forms entitling you to the special opportunity of winning one of the fine prizes shown above. These cars and motor cycles are all to be given in the Robbialac Colour Ballot. Fill in the Coupon below and send to-day for your Free Gifts and full particulars of this simple and entertaining contest.

When filling in your Coupon remember to ask for booklets describing the delightful things you yourself can do with Robbialac Enamel and Brushing Robbialoid — the renovation of Cycles, Motor Cycles and Cars; the rejuvenation of Furniture, Fittings, and all the little things in your home.

Tax, Insurance, Licence, Garage, Petrol for one year.

The following are offered as prizes in the Robbialac Colour Ballot. Every prize will include, Tax, Licence, Insurance and Garage FREE for one year.

HUMBER, 9.28 h.p.
4-Seater Saloon

MORRIS COWLEY
12 h.p. SALOON

CLYNO, 12 h.p.
4-Seater TOURER

SINGER, 8 h.p.
SUNSHINE SALOON

AUSTIN "SEVEN"
COUPÉ

DOUGLAS, 5.9 h.p.
Motor Cycle & Sidecar

TRIUMPH, 2.7 h.p.
Solo Model

COUPON

Enclose this Coupon in an unsealed envelope and pass under 1d. stamp to—
DEPT. JB/ROBBIALAC WORKS
STRATFORD :: LONDON, E.15

Kindly forward me free and post free two gold transfers of my own initials as shown, also full particulars of the Robbialac Colour Ballot, together with Colour Chart and special Entry Forms entitling me to become a participant. Please enclose also the booklets marked below with an "X."

Full instructions for enamelling a (Fill in *initials* here)

(A) Cycle.....(B) Motor Cycle.....(C) Car with Robbialac
(D) 24-page Illustrated Booklet of several hints on using Robbialac for all the painting jobs you do yourself.
(E) Leaflet telling how the veriest amateur can get a perfect Cellulose finish with Brushing Robbialoid.

Name .....

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(Continued from page 16.)

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***N.B.**—Many other entrants claimed to have submitted correct coupons, but careful searches show that only the claims of the above competitors were justified.*

Catarrh - BRONCHITIS

ADENOIDS, TONSILS, &c.

Dr. Kynaston will send free copies of his pamphlets which show that nasal obstructions, enlarged tonsils, adenoids, glands in the neck, bronchitis, asthma, recent deafness, etc. rarely resist his simple home treatment. Operations for septic tonsils and nasal obstructions are now completely out-of-date. Please enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

Consultations daily. Advice by post.

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The Graves System of Deferred Payments enables you to dress stylishly and well on little outlay. We supply Smartly Cut, Carefully Tailored Suits in materials which are not only of thoroughly dependable quality, but also of handsome design and in popular shades. Suits 50/- 55/- 63/- & 70/- on the easiest terms of payment.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

A Post Card with your name & address will bring you our full range of New Suit Styles & Patterns of the actual materials from which the Suits are made. Our simple self-measurement form enables you to give us your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply you with a perfect-fitting suit. Write to-day.

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And all Future Events.
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Most Liberal Odds Combined with Security.
Send at once for our Lists.
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Safety First!
20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS
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SEND ALL YOUR FOOTBALL AND RACING BETS TO
DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.
Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with our rules.

NO LIMIT.
WIN OR PLACE ON ANY RACE
DAILY SETTLEMENTS—WINNINGS BY RETURN.

FOOTBALL
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED.

FOR CREDIT ACCOUNTS APPLY TO
DAVID COPE, LTD.,
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4
KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

My Oddest MEAL

WHILST stationed at Aldershot in 1915, a friend and I wandered further than we intended and decided to ask for food at a cottage.

"Bless you, sirs, come in; you're a god-send," exclaimed the elderly lady who opened the door.

The room we entered was crowded—yet there was no man to be seen.

Pointing to a well-laid table, our hostess added: "Just fancy, that's a wedding feast!"

The bridegroom, she told us, had just left the church for the station to return to the front.

"Mary," she cried, "now will you eat? Here's a new bridegroom and best man!"

We dined, sang and danced, and when we left they might have been bidding farewell to the real groom and best man. —*E. H., Blackwood.*

A Penny Table d'Hote

As a boy, keeping myself in London on ten shillings weekly, my dinner rarely exceeded a penny bun.

Having never entered a restaurant, I was astonished one day on reading the menu outside a palatial establishment to find that vegetables were only a penny a portion. I entered and ordered potatoes.

The waitress gasped in amazement, as also did the cashier when I paid for my meal.—*Cockaigne, N. Wales.*

Let Out Your Belt

Many years ago I was engaged as pianist at a house-party.

The wealthy host had married a pretty but illiterate woman, and I noticed that some of the guests treated her with scant courtesy.

Realising that she was being slighted, she suddenly burst into a violent temper and ordered the visitors out of the house.

At her request, I sat down later to a magnificent spread which had been prepared for fifty guests—the oddest and most luxurious meal of my experience. —*W. R., London.*

A Mustard Club Fanatic

When a youth I was invited to the house of a friend, the father of whom was dyspeptic.

At the time I had a mistaken sense of etiquette, thinking it correct to follow my host's example at table.

Whilst at dinner, over the meat course, I noticed he helped himself generously to the mustard, and I obediently did likewise.

Imagine my dismay to perceive that when plum pudding was served he did the same, every spoonful of the sweet being accompanied by a liberal portion of mustard.

However, I bravely persevered and was amply rewarded when my host congratulated me on my good sense.—*Syd. A. Bull, Notts.*

Sauce for the Gander

At work poisoning rats in the grease department of a mill, I had forgotten to inform the gatekeeper of my presence and he unwittingly locked me in.

I had already baited with poison half of the loaf I had brought for that purpose and was awaiting results, when I discovered I was a prisoner.

After a miserable night spent in the company of dead and dying rodents I was glad to make a rather unsatisfying meal of the half-loaf that was to have baited the rats.—*Greaser, Kirkcaldy.*

Modern Tantalus

Some years ago I did an old lady a good turn, and she was profuse in her thanks and invited me to tea.

Arriving at the house, I observed that the table was well laden. Imagine my embarrassment when she placed in front of me a slice of bread and a cup of milk and water.

Not knowing what else to do, I ate and drank. When the old lady had finished she rose saying, "We have much to be thankful for."

Later I heard she had been removed to an asylum.—*M., Cardiff.*

Tripe, but True

When a young man I once spent my holidays with my employer on the South Coast. His wife was a most charming and amiable lady, but no great culinary expert, wisely leaving this to the cook.

One evening the conversation turned on favourite meals, and I disclosed the fact that I was very partial to tripe and onions, and that dear lady planned a surprise and made a dish with her own hands.

At supper a dish was placed before me: tripe, in the raw condition, cut into narrow strips, with spring onions and salad dressing!

She was, as I have said, a charming lady, and I finished the dish with as much relish as I could assume.—*E. M. F., London, S.W.*

Into the Mouths of Babes

As a child I was lost for three days on a moor, and while search parties looked in vain for me, I was eating the tender bloom off the heather.

When found, I had the heather cropped close all round me and I was alive and well.—*Alfred McGillivray, Banff.*

Poor Fish!

Thirty years ago, when a new boy at school, I accepted an invitation to become a member of a form "pirate gang."

On the morning of the initiation I was allowed to eat no breakfast, and at the appointed hour a number of other unfortunates and myself were lined up.

"Pirates," weirdly attired and emitting ear-splitting cries, circled around us whilst stale fish (scaled only) was handed round to be eaten *raw*.—*H. C. Pain, London.*

Such Stuff as Dreams

Strange to say, I cannot recall eating my oddest meal, yet it is evident that I did.

I had gone to bed supperless to avoid troubled sleep, and soon dropped off.

I awoke with a start to find myself seated tailor-fashion on the kitchen floor with the breakfast crockery neatly surrounding me.

In one hand I held a half-consumed slice of bread, and in the other an ounce or so of uncooked oatmeal.

After that I decided to risk nightmare sleep rather than nightmare meals!—*S. E. R., Hackney.*

Not "Long Pig"

About twenty years ago I was one of a party to visit a tribe in the Southern Soudan suspected of cannibalism.

The chief invited us to a feast, and a piece of roasted flesh was brought to me on a large leaf with the explanation that it was not from the limb of a little girl or a little boy, but that it was from the leg of a monkey.

I ate it and found it not too bad.—*Capt. R. Fridlington, York.*

Mrs. Beeton, Please Note

"Scrounge all the old biscuits you can find, grind to a powder in a French coffee-grinder, roll out into a paste with a trenching tool handle, spread on plums and apple heavily, roll into a fleic bandage and boil in a petrol can till your patience is exhausted, and if the dye in the bandage works, the result will be a beautiful pink pudding."

This is a recipe which stood me in good stead during the war.—*F. Finch, Notts.*

* * *

Letters in Little

I was down to my last penny when I found a purse containing sixpence. Fourpence I spent on food; the remainder went on a copy of JOHN BULL. —*M., Sunderland.*

Deaf mutes generally have children with all their faculties. The mothers often allow their babies to cry for hours because they are unable to hear them. —*M. Martin, Manchester.*

That "Dora" saves shop assistants from long hours is a fallacy. Often when the doors close they become busy packing, cleaning and stocktaking until ten or eleven o'clock.—*Assistant, Cardiff.*

Do people find it the hardest thing in the world "to think," and so give it up and simply accept current statements and beliefs without challenge?—*W. H. B., Bristol.*

To me Lloyd George is like the Prodigal Son, who, when he came to himself, returned to his spiritual home and there strove to redeem his error.—*R. D. Bolt, Devon.*

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 150 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

Cruel to be Kind

Imagine my dismay to perceive that when plum pudding was served he did the same, every spoonful of the sweet being accompanied by a liberal portion of mustard.

However, I bravely persevered and was amply rewarded when my host congratulated me on my good sense.—*Syd. A. Bull, Notts.*

Sauce for the Gander

At work poisoning rats in the grease department of a mill, I had forgotten to inform the gatekeeper of my presence and he unwittingly locked me in.

I had already baited with poison half of the loaf I had brought for that purpose and was awaiting results, when I discovered I was a prisoner.

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Homely Wisdom — *by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

Wealth of Life

WHILE in America I have been reading the two big volumes of Count Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher."

The Count is a nobleman who formerly owned a fine estate in the Baltic provinces, but was deprived of it by the Russian revolution.

He is a stimulating thinker and a shrewd observer. One thing he notes in his book is the tendency of much of the teaching of our time to insist on throwing off restraints.

He says: "Formerly it used to be said, he who controls himself is strong. To-day it is he who lets himself go."

Which is right? We who are getting on in life can remember the discipline of our youth, when strict obedience was required by parents and teachers, and no such thing was thought of as being allowed to do as we liked.

A change has certainly come about. Young people nowadays are encouraged to blaze new pathways and to claim their right to fulness of opportunity in activities that they can enjoy; they refuse to be shackled.

The danger of this is that they may mistake self-indulgence for self-expression and make a poor use of the liberty they demand.

Charles Chaplin

On the other hand, there is no doubt at all that the new feeling of the importance of giving every person a chance to do what he likes doing and can do best is bringing added joy and blessing to the world.

So clearly is this recognised in Western America, which I have been visiting, that the most wonderful things are being done for the children.

Their schools are palaces; the youngsters are encouraged to look upon their work as play. If they have any special talent they are helped to exercise it to good effect.

The other day I went to Hollywood to see the studios where Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford make their moving pictures.

Everyone knows that Charlie Chaplin was a poor boy born in a slum. Now he is rich because he found a chance to do what he could do best in life.

Yet they told me at Hollywood that Charlie does not care in the least about money; what he loves is his art; it is the very breath of life to him.

Break all the chains you can; make life as rich and full as you can; get all the joy out of it you can.

But remember this: You will be an arrant failure unless others are the better and happier for what you succeed in making of yourself.

Calvert's is the 50 years old tried and proved dentifrice.

So it does!

Keeping your teeth beautifully white and healthy costs only 1d. a week with Calvert's Tooth Powder

Using it regularly night and morning, a 6d. tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder lasts at least six weeks. This is the economy of "powder for the teeth."

Now listen to what a famous Dental Surgeon says: "Careful observation of patients' mouths over a period of twenty years has established a belief that powders are much superior to pastes in their cleansing properties."*

Isn't it worth while buying Calvert's Tooth Powder next time?—Remember it not only saves your money but cleans your teeth better.

A dainty Sample Set of Calvert's Toilet Preparations containing Tooth Powder, Toilet Soap and Shampoo Soap will be posted to you free if you send 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing) to F. C. Calvert & Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), Manchester.

Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

SOLD EVERYWHERE in TINS 6d. 1/- & 1/6

* *Extract from a paper read before the British Dental Association and reported in the "British Dental Journal."*

WILLS'S CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Mild, Medium & Full Strengths

10 for 6d.

20 for 11½d.

Also in boxes of **25** for **1/3**

CC 192

Have you glanced through the Bargains in this week's issue? They appear on page 5.

The Childrens' Choice.

Give the children HOVIS because they like it and because it is so good for them.

HOVIS

(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake It.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

PIMPLES BROKE OUT ON CHEST

Burning and Itching Continual. Cuticura Heals.

"I was troubled with small pimples that broke out on my chest and caused me any amount of suffering by their continual burning and itching. The irritation got worse and by continual scratching the pimples spread to my back, neck and arms. They were about the size of a pea and very red.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using I began to get relief so purchased a box of the Ointment and one cake of Soap, and I was healed." (Signed) H. Shakespeare, 6, Henry St., Battersea, London, S. W. 11, Eng.

Use Cuticura to heal skin troubles.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 2d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter House Sq., London, E.C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

Best for all small roof areas: clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unsurpassed for quality. In rolls of 32 sq. yds. at 6/6. Heavy grade 8/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under Tiles as economic protection not

LASTS LONGEST / Of Ironmongers Stores

6/- WITH ORDER

Here is the biggest step in price reduction since the War. The Graves 'Royal Sleuth' Free Wheel Cycle at £4:10:0 is incomparably better value than any machine offered before the War or since

From start to finish the Graves 'Royal Sleuth' Free Wheel Cycle is of the most dependable quality, every convenient part being the best of its class and the product of makers whose names stand as a positive guarantee of excellence and reliability. There is nothing unworthy in the construction of this magnificent cycle, and down to the smallest detail it is the essence of cycle perfection.

GRAVES VALUE
SUPREME AND UNCHALLENGEABLE.

DUNLOP TYRES
BALLOON, WITH WIRED EDGES.

DUNLOP SAD'LE
WATERPROOF, THREE COIL SPRING.

RENOLD CHAIN
HALF-HIGH PITCH, FAULTLESS FINISH.

ROLLER LEVER
BRAKES WITH FINEST RUBBER BLOCKS.

Frame of finest Weldless Steel Tubing, thoroughly rust-proofed and finished with four coats of Black Enamel, Lined Green. All bright parts heavily plated. With every machine we supply Tool Bag, Pump, Pump Clips, Spanner and Oilcan. Delivered complete & carriage paid, (Lady's or Gent's Model same price) at **£4:10:0**

10 Years' Warranty

Fullest Approval.
All Black finish, same price.

TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. Send only 6/- with order, and complete purchase in 14 Monthly Payments of 6/- if you are entirely satisfied with the cycle after you have examined it in your own home. Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

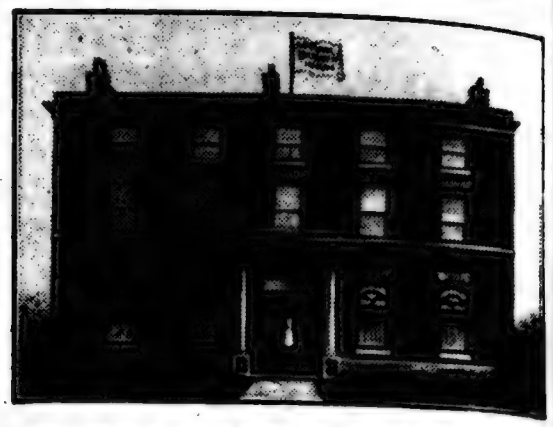
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE, POST FREE. Full range of models including Three Speeds, Road Racers, etc., all at keen prices & on Easy Terms

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

ALL LEG TROUBLES CONQUERED

A Home Treatment that triumphs without Rest, Relapse, Operation or Failure

Astonishing FREE OFFER to All Sufferers



View of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs.

Home of the Tremol System of Treatment for Bad Legs and the only Institution in the World founded and solely devoted to the Treatment and Cure of Bad Legs and allied complaints. Under the personal direction of a skilled Staff trained in the Tremol System of Treatment each case is treated individually. The treatment is prepared for Home application to suit the needs of each case. Tremol is not a stock remedy, but is a System of Treatment to be obtained only from the National Infirmary for Bad Legs.

Consultations at the National Infirmary are given free of charge to all Bad Leg sufferers. Only suitable cases are accepted for Treatment. Sufferers who live at a distance may have our opinion free of charge by filling in the coupon and sending full particulars of their case.

HOURS FOR FREE CONSULTATION –
10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Each Weekday (Sundays excepted).

Thousands of patients praise the day they used the Tremol Treatment, the most successful Treatment in the world for all forms of bad legs. With this powerful Treatment varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with Varicose Veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes. Swollen and painful legs become painless. Diseased bone comes away. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

Certain and Lasting Relief.

Unlike other treatments for Bad Legs it is specially prepared for each individual case. It attacks and removes the cause. Nothing is left to chance. Every case gets the right Treatment according to its particular needs, whatever form the leg trouble may take. From the first day of Treatment each case is under the personal control of our Specialists and staff. The case has separate and individual attention as if it were the one and only case. There is no guesswork, no experimenting. If necessary daily Treatment and advice are given to ensure uninterrupted progress.

Tremol is Your Own Treatment.

Why does Tremol give such grand results? Because it is an individual treatment—it is your own Treatment. It is prepared and compounded specially for you. It is adapted and suited exactly to your own case. The instructions, which are so clear and simple that anyone can understand them, enable you to apply the Treatment successfully in your own home. Only a few minutes daily are required. Tremol has proved successful in thousands of cases. Its efficacy has won the highest praise and recommendation. It is the recognised treatment for Bad Legs and is a household word in thousands of homes the wide world over.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs without Resting.

Without the aid of rest Tremol has proved to be the greatest boon sufferers have ever known. With Tremol you carry out your work as usual. There is no lying up. No resting in bed for weeks or months. No loss of wages or paying for help in the house. Tremol does its work whilst you do yours. As the sufferer is getting about day by day the leg becomes easier and is soundly healed. There is no relapse. After a short course of Tremol Treatment thousands of patients have declared their legs to be as sound as a bell. They now get about in perfect comfort with sound legs free from pain or worry.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS,
OPEN WOUNDS ON THE LEG,
VARICOSE ECZEMA,
WEEPING ECZEMA,
SORE AND INFLAMED LEGS,
SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL LEGS,
STIFF AND PAINFUL JOINTS?

If you suffer from any of these or any other leg trouble —Tremol is the Treatment you need. Results speak louder than words, and the record of the Tremol Treatment stands unrivalled.

TREMOL IS THE IDEAL HOME TREATMENT.

Distance is no Obstacle to its Success.

No matter how far distant you may be from the Infirmary, how remote the village you live in, the Tremol Treatment can be sent to you and is as certain and effective when applied by the fireside as when applied at the National Infirmary for Bad Legs. Hundreds of patients, not only in England, but in all parts of the globe, whom we have never seen, have been successfully treated by Tremol. Most of these cases were apparently hopeless. They had failed to yield to other Treatments. It was as a last resort that the sufferer applied the Tremol Treatment. Its success proves beyond doubt that no sufferer need hesitate to have the Treatment simply on account of "being so far away." You cannot be too far away to be treated by Tremol. Remember it is a Home Treatment and can be applied anywhere.

Think What Tremol Means to You.

No more resting your leg—No more loss of wages—No more pain—No more leg worry—A new vista of life opened out before you—Renewed health and vigour—Your work made a pleasure—Able to enjoy life—Your leg made well and strong.

LET EVERY SUFFERER REMEMBER THIS—

Tremol Treatment

Conquers Bad Legs in Your Own Home.
Conquers Bad Legs Without Resting.
Conquers Bad Legs Without Absence from Work.
Conquers Bad Legs With Certainty.
Conquers Bad Legs To Remain Cured.

Not only from Great Britain and Ireland, but from all parts of the world comes the demand for information about this great Treatment. Every day letters pour into the National Infirmary for Bad Legs from sufferers of leg troubles. This cry for help is not unheeded. Whilst thousands have been successfully treated, hundreds more will be starting on the right road during the next few weeks, and so the good work goes on. To meet the demand for help the Staff of the National Infirmary have published a large Illustrated Book, Price 3s. 6d., entitled "**YOUR BAD LEG AND THE REASON WHY.**" The Book gives full particulars of the Tremol Treatment, and teems with sound advice and information of vital importance to all bad leg sufferers. If you are a sufferer fill in the coupon below and this valuable book will be sent to you free of charge.

YOUR BAD LEG and the REASON WHY

3/6 BOOK FREE TO SUFFERERS—AS LONG AS THE EDITION LASTS

This Book is sent free to sufferers, teems with sound advice and gives full particulars of the Tremol System of Treatment for Bad Legs.

"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why"

is the title of a book that Bad Leg sufferers say is the only sensible, practical, and helpful book ever written on this most painful and distressing affliction. Written by a Staff of Specialists in the Tremol System of Treatment who for over thirty years have made a special study of Bad Legs in all their various forms, and who have successfully treated thousands of cases given up by others as hopelessly incurable and that failed to yield to all other treatments and were doomed to lifelong pain and misery.

"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why"

is really a classic on the subject of which it treats. Chock-full of sound, practical information and honest advice, the outcome of over thirty years' experience not to be found elsewhere, its pages teem with sound common-sense and exclusive information of the greatest service and of tremendous importance to all Bad Leg sufferers.

"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why"

contains the boiled-down experience of over thirty years in the successful treatment of Bad Legs and allied diseases of the lower limb. The writers of this book have been in the thick of it for all these years—over thirty—so the greater part of their lives has been devoted to the special study, treatment and cure of this most troublesome and painful malady. The principles and plans outlined in the pages of this book are the results of their life-long experience and labours, and the means by which these brilliant results have been brought about. If you carry out the suggestions set down in the pages of this book, in language so simple that anyone can understand, you can hardly fail to bring about a speedy and lasting cure. Just think of it, and this valuable information is yours for the asking.

"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why"

deals with all matters bearing on the subject of Bad Legs, among which are: How to diagnose a Bad Leg—The various sorts of Bad Legs—How to know if your Leg Bone is diseased—Why operations fail to cure Bad Legs—Why Ulcers form more frequently on the legs than on any other part of the body, and why they are more difficult to cure in this situation—Why Bad Legs of long standing are as easily cured as those of yesterday—How long it takes to cure a Bad Leg—Why rest is harmful and retards your cure, there is a reason—Why healing your Bad Leg improves your bodily health—Can every Bad Leg be cured?—Why Bad Legs are so common—Age no bar to cure—The class of people who mostly suffer from Bad Legs—Dangers of and deaths from Bad Legs—How Ulcers are formed and why they are formed—How to distinguish false healing and true healing—How to know a genuine cure from a worthless remedy—The effects of long standing on Bad Legs—The various Medicines that have been advocated and the many remedies that have been applied to Bad Legs: why they fail—What to get for your Bad Leg—A miracle-working recipe—How to kill pain, to banish sleepless nights and regain a good night's rest—Why work is not hindered—Why relapse is impossible—Why rest is not needed—Why failure is unknown—Why Tremol is an Ideal Home Treatment—How to know when your leg is perfectly well and permanently cured.

"Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why"

also treats of the many complications that accompany Bad Legs and that are commonly found in the lower limb—Varicose Veins—Eczema in all its forms dry, weeping, itchy, raw, burning, fiery, and scaly; and other forms of Skin Disease—Swollen, Painful and Stiff Joints—Rheumatism—Inflammation and Swollen and Painful Legs—Proud Flesh in Wounds—White Legs, and pages of horse sense on all subjects important to Bad Leg sufferers.

As the Edition is limited, and when exhausted will not be re-issued, early application for a Free Copy is essential to prevent disappointment.

Fill in the Coupon below and post to the National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Ward B.L., Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and this valuable book (published price 3/6) will be sent to you in plain cover and absolutely free of all charge.

FREE COUPON (Ward B.L.)

National Infirmary for Bad Legs,
Great Clowes Street,
Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me without charge or obligation your new book entitled "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why." I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State Complaint .....

.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

R. (Banbury).—"My mother-in-law is a dear."—Departed?

GLADYS (Redhill).—"I am a decided blonde." When did you decide?

H. B. (Hackney).—"I have a 12 h.p. car." Horse power or hire purchase?

S. L. (S.W.5).—"My hens are always cackling." Are they good layers or liars?

J. R. (Devizes).—"She spells atrociously." Well, that's quite a big word to spell.

L. G. (Fordham).—"Man is the highest form of animal life." What about the giraffe?

P. L. (Hayes).—"I told the plumber to go to blazes." Well, there'll be no frozen pipes there!

C. S. (Taunton).—"My small son is the very image of me." After all, time is the great healer.

C. R. (Redruth).—"My wife simply cannot reduce her weight." Women are often poor losers.

M. L. (Finsbury).—"I feel that the job I am doing now is beneath me." Then get down to it.

F. K. (St. Albans).—"Can you guess what I wanted a shillingsworth of arsenic for?" Sixpence.

S. H. G. (Bath).—"Which was the best point in my letter, do you think?" The full stop at the end.

T. C. (Bacup).—"Somebody should write a song about the plumber." "Freeze a jolly good fellow?"

J. Q. (Isleworth).—"You must admit that my three-act play might be worse." Oh, yes. It might be four acts.

SUSAN (Southampton).—"I hope you like my photo. I've just reached twenty-one." What detained you?

M. B. (Leicester).—"I find that tinned goods are bad for the teeth." Personally, we always use a tin-opener.

MRS. C. (Birmingham).—"He wants to get married on twenty-five shillings a week. What can he be thinking of?" The girl.

H. P. (Leeds).—"I shall probably have a novel published this year—just imagine it!" You've probably imagined it yourself.

L. N. (Yarmouth).—"I love the balmy days of Spring, tra la! tra la!" We can't say we care for your balmy letters, tiddley um!

G. D. (Highgate).—"My neighbour says he got America on a crystal set." Tell him you've got Germany on your alarm-clock.

B. H. (Plymouth).—"He was much bigger than I am, but I told him just what I thought of him." Aren't telephones useful?

B. K. (Malden).—"I understand that it is legal for me to open my wife's letters." That's right; all you need now is the courage.

G. M. (Luton).—"It's an extraordinary thing, but I can't think when I am smoking." You are evidently a very heavy smoker.

P. C. (Cardiff).—"Members of the legal profession should be very truthful." But judges must be able to tell lies—when they hear them.

J. E. (Chatham).—"What's the use of a home if I can't afford to get married?" If you wait till you can afford it, you'll only be fit for a home.

V. M. (Huddersfield).—"I went to fish in the park, but the keeper told me I couldn't fish without a permit." Take your hook—and tell him to take his.

R. H. (Brixton).—"When I entered the restaurant and sat down, two waiters came running up to my table." Goodness! Hadn't you paid the last time you were there?

V. L. (Gwys).—"What did you make of my letter?" Pipe spills.

B. S. (Shaw).—"A man's home is his castle." But he isn't always king.

A. T. (Stowe).—"Do you answer silly letters?" Oh, yes. Now, for example.

B. K. (Hull).—"Can you recommend a good yard dog?" How about a dachshund?

M. H. (Ventnor).—"It must be hard to lose one's money." On the contrary, it's quite easy.

W. S. (Preston).—"A poet is born, not made." Why try to shift the blame on to your parents?

TOM (London, N.).—"Will you consider my case?" No. But sooner or later a judge will.

S. M. (Ely).—"I have studied electricity for years." Then you should know what's watt.

S. P. T. (Gosport).—"He had the impertinence to call me a half-wit." A gross exaggeration.

O. L. (Margate).—"Talking films have their advantages." At any rate, they speak for themselves.

C. P. (Horbury).—"Before marriage a man swears to love." And after marriage he loves to swear.

MRS. N. (Ropley).—"I did not accept him the first time he proposed." Perhaps you weren't there.

K. B. (Cromer).—"Eating apples keeps the doctor away." But it started the dressmaker in business.

D. K. (Wandsworth).—"He assured me that the cheque would be O.K." And instead of that it was R.D.

O. Y. (Chelsea).—"Some men join clubs because they haven't homes." And others join them because they have.

A. D. (Canning Town).—"I've been a struggling author for years." It would be better for you if you went quietly.

COL. R. (Bath).—"The Channel Tunnel would be a menace to our safety." Don't worry. It's still in the air.

L. G. (Morpeth).—"I'm very careful about the training of my children." Trying to bring them up the way you should have gone?

F. Y. (Wimbledon).—"My wife and her mother had a dreadful quarrel." There was a good deal to be said on both sides, of course.

M. F. (Ripon).—"He didn't know what he was saying and called me some terrible names." Are you sure he didn't know what he was saying?

ELSIE (Bridlington).—"My sweetheart can't play tennis, or dance or drive a car, but he swims beautifully." Does he do anything else like a fish?

R. K. (Horley).—"It wouldn't take long for you to tell the public all you know." And it wouldn't take any longer to tell them all we both know.

L. N. (Oxted).—"Eve was only a woman after all." Yes, after all.

B. D. (Buxton).—"Flattery makes me sick." You shouldn't swallow it.

D. A. (Rye).—"I should like to tell you all I think." Drop us a post card.

J. B. (Streatham).—"I am a man of considerable standing." Tube or 'bus?

A. H. (Weymouth).—"I always air my views." How do other people view your airs?

L. T. (Perth).—"I bought a half Persian cat." Who bought the other half?

A. L. (Taplow).—"She told me to get off the earth." Are you going to buy an aeroplane?"

I. D. (Uxbridge).—"What is wrong with the Far East?" Some people think it isn't far enough.

J. H. (Ilkeston).—"We intend to start our honeymoon in an aeroplane." That will be heavenly.

N. A. (Norwich).—"Which travels faster—heat or cold?" Heat; you can catch cold quite easily.

W. L. (Birmingham).—"Wireless is as good as a rest cure." When it's switched on or when it's switched off?

F. M. (Hendon).—"The next world war will be in the air." Just where the present world peace seems to be!

R. N. (Hoylake).—"My brother and I are always having fights over girls." Where there's a frill there's a fray.

V. L. (Gosport).—"If all the Irish statesmen of note were put together what would they come to?" Blows.

A. T. (Devizes).—"I can't bear the sound of a clock in my bedroom." You prefer the silent watches of the night!

D. R. (Retford).—"If you drop cutlery it means that guests are coming." And if you miss some it means they've gone.

B. H. (Chepstow).—"The model a girl is not fast." Of course not; it often takes her twenty-five years to reach nineteen.

W. S. (Shepperton).—"My wife thinks her voice is her fortune." Tell her she'll find the right key on page 39.

F. K. (Dulwich).—"I think I deserve a prize, as I only had two mistakes in the crossword." Ah, but two wrongs do not make a right.

MRS. R. (Blackwell).—"The maid I have now always boils the eggs hard." You're lucky: ours rarely stay long enough to do that.

C. T. (Hayes).—"Husbands should not be critical about their wives' clothes." Most husbands make allowances for their wives' clothes.

A. L. (Fulham).—"People who arrive ten minutes late at the theatre should be locked out." Those who arrive ten hours early should be locked up.

P. T. (Worcester).—"My wife cannot take a joke." And yet she took you.

F. R. (Luton).—"I won't write to you again." Good boy. Good-bye.

C. W. (Redhill).—"Some women pursue men." And others just sue them.

L. P. (Woking).—"My son gets his brains from me." He has evidently got them all.

F. M. (Aberdeen).—"Scots are a long-lived race." Of course. Think of the heavy death duties!

J. T. (Battle).—"A big income is nothing to boast about." Not on an income-tax form, anyway.

N. E. (Kendal).—"I bought my car in rather an extraordinary way." Do you mean to say you paid *cash* for it?

P. T. (Staines).—"Do you believe in long engagements? Oh, yes. A couple should be happy as long as possible.

J. D. (Peebles).—"Britain will police the air." With plane clothes detectives?

S. E. H. (Tavistock).—"Can you guess what put me against ham sandwiches?" Eating ham sandwiches.

F. T. (Richmond).—"What can one do when the dog swallows the contents of the ink-bottle?" Write in pencil.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS":—"Now lies in Boston Hospital in a very precarious POSITION."

"THE NORTHERN DESPATCH":—"To fit one of these vehicles with new hubs and wheels, complete with 10,854,185 PNEUMATIC TYRES."

"THE POST":—"27 miles a day cycling, 8 HOURS PER MILE SPEED OF CYCLING as maxima."

"ISLE OF THANET GAZETTE":—"Plain cook wanted: 80 to 100."

"LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST":—"One could count what was left to us on our ten fingers and THUMBS."

"THE MERTHYR EXPRESS":—"A penalty kick was gloriously saved by Buckley, who placed the ball behind FOR A FORTNIGHT."

"THE EVENING NEWS":—"The music-hall Trade Union will oppose any attempt to place "Captain Barker" (Mrs. Valerie Smith), who for six years masqueraded AS A WOMAN on the stage."

"WESTERN EVENING HERALD":—"The ONLY LIGHT in the room was a candle and this WAS BURNT OUT on the dressing table."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"He slashed his WHIP furiously and the DOGCART GALLOPED OFF."

"THE DAILY SKETCH":—"A lady may prefer alcoholic drinks to tea and pretty, fashionable clothes, without being a COCKTAIL-SMOKING half-nude flapper."

"MANSFIELD AND KIRBY CHRONICLE":—"He and the last speaker had inspected the fire station, which, he declared, was utterly devoid of FIRE LIGHTING material."

ONLY **10/-** DOWN and **5/-** a week after.

STEVAL PORTABLE RADIO

This amazingly efficient Set can be operated with or without Aerial and Earth, as required. The outstanding feature of the Steval Super-Three is the absolute ease with which you can tune in to your choice of British and Foreign Broadcast Stations. Even if you are a beginner you will have no difficulty in getting perfect reproduction on long or short waves. If you don't like your first choice, switch over to another station. It's perfectly simple and quick. It is a light portable, gives clear and pure reception anywhere, has negligible upkeep costs, and is the outstanding wireless production of 1929. Order now!

You are invited to visit the Steval Showrooms during broadcasting hours. Open 9 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Saturday 1 p.m.

12 Gns.

CASH PRICE, including Marconi Royalty and full equipment as below, or 10/- down and 5/- a week after to all approved accounts.

EQUIPMENT. Strongly made and beautifully finished Leatherette Attaché Case, Three 2-volt valves (including Pentode Valve, which is equal to two ordinary valves), 60-volt H.T. Battery, 9-volt Grid-Bias Battery, 24/40 a.h. unspillable Accumulator. Special type Cone Loud Speaker is incorporated in the set for perfect reproduction. Size: 13½ by 12½ by 9 ins. GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR.

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Please send me The Steval Super-Three Portable.

I enclose £.....s.....d., being Full Cash Price or First Payment.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DOCTORS & NURSES SAY THAT 'ASPRO' SUCCEEDS WHERE ASPIRIN FAILS

It is seldom that a popular medicine obtains sincere tributes from both professions and the public. 'ASPRO' is the exception, for it has the endorsement by written testimony of leading professional men, institutions, nurses, and last, but not least, the actual users. A feature of the professional opinion is the testimony of the efficacy of 'ASPRO' against ordinary aspirin.

READ THESE LETTERS

PROMINENT PHYSICIAN PRAISES 'ASPRO'

STATES THAT PEOPLE WHO CANNOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN CAN TAKE 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' Effective where Others Fail

NON-TOXIC VALUE APPRECIATED

Scotland. 29th August, 1928.

Messrs. Gollin and Co. Pty., Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to let you know of my experience with 'ASPRO.' While I have made no chemical tests, the CLINICAL RESULTS FULLY SUBSTANTIATE YOUR CLAIMS OF EXTREME PURITY. I HAVE FOUND THAT PEOPLE WHO COULD NOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN OWING TO THE GASTRIC UPSET IT CAUSED, READILY TOLERATED 'ASPRO.' Also doses of 'ASPRO' are effective where similar doses of other brands are not. It has also, taken at night, a mild hypnotic effect which is very valuable considering its non-toxic character.

If you will send me samples for general use I shall have pleasure in distributing them to certain of my patients.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) F. S..... (M.B., Ch.B.).

(Name withheld for professional reasons.)

NURSE'S TRIBUTE

COULD NOT TAKE ASPIRIN 'ASPRO' SUCCEEDS NO ILL-EFFECTS

Tooting, S.W.17.

Dear Sir,

My Mother suffers from Rheumatism at different times, and has done so this last few weeks. She would never take Aspirins, but I have persuaded her to try the 'ASPRO,' and they have certainly eased the pain.

I myself have very bad headaches at times, and cannot take Aspirins because I have had several operations during the last few years and my heart is not quite strong yet, but I took some 'ASPRO' yesterday and it did not adversely affect me at all.—

Thanking you, yours truly,

NURSE B.

COULDN'T TAKE ASPIRIN 'ASPRO' TO THE RESCUE

North Street, Biddenden.

Dear Sirs, 18/6/28.

I thought I would just write and tell you the good your 'ASPRO' have done me since you sent to me on Saturday last. I have just had an attack of acute muscular rheumatism, and 'ASPRO' have done me more good for that complaint, not to mention headache, than several weeks of external rubbing has done.

We found we could get them at one of the local shops, so we shall never be without them now. I felt doubtful about taking them at first, as I cannot take Aspirin, but found these are quite different and do not upset me in the least.

I remain, gratefully yours,

(Signed) MISS ADA GILES.

14 USES FOR 'ASPRO'

1. It stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe, a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.' Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. (Aspro Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

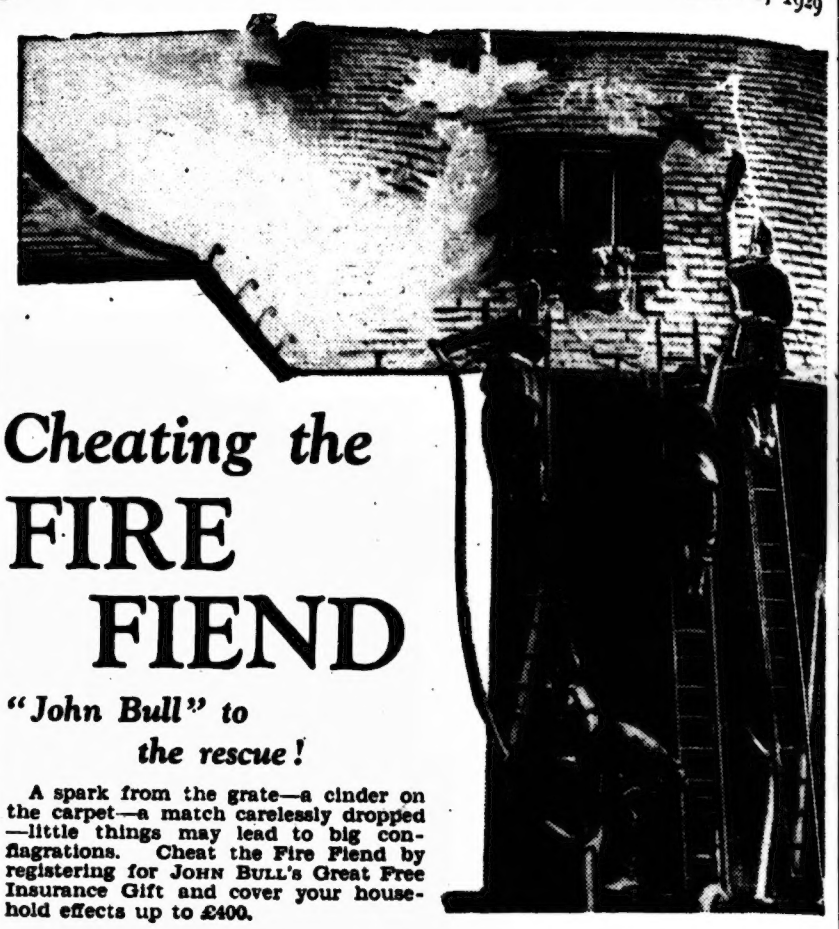
Telephone: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

6D 1/3 & 2/6 PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet, which contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS—TAYLORS—TIMOTHY WHITES—SQUIRES—NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'



Cheating the FIRE FIEND

"John Bull" to the rescue!

A spark from the grate—a cinder on the carpet—a match carelessly dropped—little things may lead to big conflagrations. Cheat the Fire Fiend by registering for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift and cover your household effects up to £400.

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MILTON, CAMBS.—Mrs. G. HALL, Alexandra Cottages.

SOUTHALL.—Mr. E. HARWOOD, 137, Trinity Road.

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S. LOWESTOFT.—Mrs. M. RUSTED, 6, Laurel Road.

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THE KEY TO A FORTUNE—'BULLETS' DOUBLE-FIRST!

OPEN THE DOOR TO WEALTH!

THE door of opportunity is always waiting to be opened by "Bulleteers," and another key to fortune is ready to somebody's hand this week. £600 is the handsome First Prize in another of the big one-week competitions, and a few well-chosen words may open to you the door which leads to a golden future.

Even if you have never tried *Bullets* before, you will find the method of construction quite easy. Select an Example from the list on this page, add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of appropriate comment, serious or humorous, and a *Bullet* is made. Study the winning *Bullets* below as a guide to the simple but striking phrasing which is vital to success.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 708

FIRST PRIZE OF A LIFE PENSION, IDEAL HOME, or £3,000 CASH.

Mr. S. H. GARNER, 81, Sydenham Place, Otley Road, Bradford.

Example:—OUR SAILOR KING
Bullet:—"EYES WATER" WITH GRATITUDE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. W. E. ENNIS, 25, Queen's Road, Hastings.
Example:—WINSTON'S CHANCE
Bullet:—APRIL "REMISSION"—MAY "FORGIVENESS."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. L. A. LAING, 22, Parkfield Road, Ickenham.
Example:—TO EASE THE SITUATION.
Bullet: DETAIN SCHOLARS—RELEASE GRANDFATHERS.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. L. CHAPMAN, 6, Wellington Place, Gt. Yarmouth.
Example:—A MILLION UNEMPLOYED
Bullet:—VOTES—SHOW *Real* SLACKERS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

A. E. BALDWIN, Ballards, Croydon.
ALL WOMEN—THEN "SPEAKER" RENAMED "SILENCER."

W. BOOTH, "Bellfield," Upper Bridge Street, Stirling.
BRITAIN'S STORY—TOLD AROUND EMPTY GRATE.

H. BROWN, 11, Bewlys Road, West Norwood, S.E.
MODERN LOVE—GOOD-TIME—OR "GOOD-BYE!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. DRUMMOND, 63, Kilmarnock Road, Glasgow.
BOLDLY—"GEORGINA" DEFYING CONVENTION'S "DRAGON."

W. HORTON, 71, Pearce Road, Sheffield.
LAUGHING AT THE LAW—BECAUSE BABY'S ALWAYS FORGIVEN.

E. MCMILLAN, 51, Waveney Avenue, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.
SOME PEOPLE SAY—"PEACE!"—BUT TOO PEACEFULLY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

T. PAGE, Solway, Stutton, Nr. Ipswich.
BRITAIN'S STORY—GOING ABROAD "BRINGS HOME."

H. SMITH, Fell Grove Farm, Fartown, Huddersfield.
FLIRTING WITH DEATH—BRITANNIA'S "LOVERS" PROVED FIDELITY.

J. P. STABB, 11, Clarendon Road, Bristol.
ENORMOUS—SHE FEELS—GAINED OUNCE!

A. WESTWOOD, 247A, Warwick Road, Birmingham.
IS THIS A FREE COUNTRY?—No—IT'S A "MOTHER."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. ALLEN, The Moorlands, Woldingham, Surrey.
SPENDING TOO MUCH—CIVILISATION ON OWN "FUNERAL."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

L. J. BRAND, "Elmdon," Newark Road, Luton.
SAVED—VILLAGERS—SOMEBODY OPENED FACTORY!

A. COLE, 96A, Arthur Road, Wimbledon Park, S.W.
SOONER OR LATER—UNEMPLOYED TOLD "TOO OLD!"

E. COOPER, Atherstone, Warwickshire.
HE WAS HONEST, BUT—VILLAGE BLACKSMITH OPENED GARAGE.

W. COX, 57, Mari Crescent, Llandudno Junction.
MISSING—"CREAM"—THOUSANDS "SKIMMING" LIFE.

A. JACK, 65, Hamilton Street, Motherwell.
PEACEFUL WORLD—HEAR THE HAWER COOING!

S. F. LEDGARD, 18, Keighley Road, Colne.
SOONER OR LATER—AS IS ELECTION MATTERS!

O. MASON, 10, Ashford Road, Maidstone.
IN LIFE'S TRAFFIC—"BLOWING HORN" *Collects* CROWD.

F. STURGESS, 62, Larges Street, Derby.
BRITAIN'S STORY—ABOLISHED SLAVERY — AND FREEDOM.

A. WILKS, 37A, Astonville Street, Southfields, S.W.
IS THIS A FREE COUNTRY?—"YES, FRIEND"—"NO, COMRADE!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 50 £1 winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 100 10/- and 2,000 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

☞ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London W.C.2. Applications dealt with in rotation.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 713.

First Prize, £300—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—2 Prizes of £20—3 Prizes of £10—20 Prizes of £5—500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Election Campaign—Too Many—Delay Is Dangerous—Passing—Only An Englishman—All Will Be Well If—Morning, Noon and Night—Price War—Way The Cat Jumps—Thought Nothing Of—Citizenship—In The Front Rank—All Nonsense—Father's Politics—Unbusinesslike—Always In The Picture—My Advice Is—Irresistible—Down In The Coalfields—"How's Business?"—A Good Programme—Whatever The Weather—The Time's Coming When—Dope—Half-hearted—Upsetting The Government—Monstrous—One After Another—Absolutely—With A Vote—Beforehand—Cheer Up, Mr. Taxpayer.

(Closing Saturday, April 20.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 712.

FOR GOODNESS SAKE
RAISING OUR HOPES
PRICES WOULD FALL IF ANYBODY WOULD THINK THAT
AN OPPORTUNIST
BRITAIN'S VISITORS
POOR EXCUSE
SHE SAID SHE'D OBEY, YET
TAKING NO CHANCES
OBSTRUCTING THE TRAFFIC
BE CAREFUL, "JIX"—
HOW HE GOT CAUGHT
ALL MEN ARE LIARS
WIPED OUT
WHAT THE CANVASSER SAID
DESERVED PROMOTION
CURIOUSLY ENOUGH
MAN OF THE WORLD
ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE
ANTICIPATING
IN BLACK AND WHITE
JOB FOR SCOTLAND YARD
MOCK MARRIAGE
DON'T TELL ANYBODY, BUT
TALK—TALK—TALK—
A MAN-HATER
CONSERVATIVE, LABOUR OR LIBERAL
NOTHING TO DO WITH HER
IN THE SPIRIT WORLD
WELSH WIZARD
SONNY BOY
"KEEP OFF THE GRASS!"

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, April 13.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(712) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, April 13.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(712) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Your "Bullet" must consist of Two, Three, or Four words.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, April 13.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(712) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

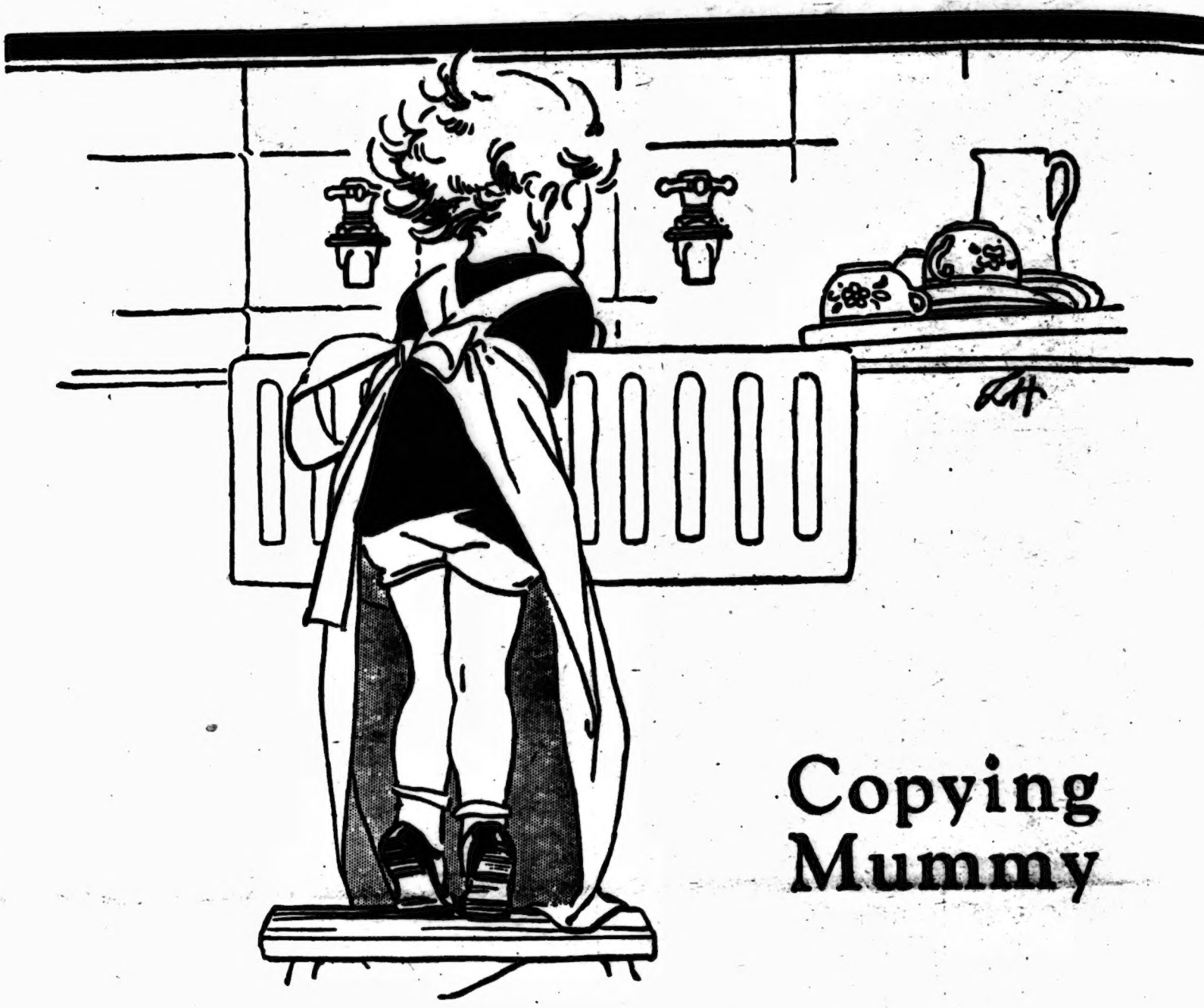
Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, April 13.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(712) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 712, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 712 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

☞ **The First Prize in "Bullets" No. 714 will be £2,500.**



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